THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TO MY BROTHER.

DIED AT GETTYSBURG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Ye mournful winds, breathe low;
Tame your rude murmurs to a tender dirge;
And all ye waves that flow
In tuneful thunder o'er the rugged verge
Of banks precipitous, oh softly fall;
For now, with Freedom's flag his starry pall,
The bravest of the brave
Goes to his lonely grave.

With roll of muffled drums,
And trumpets wailing sadly on the ear,
See, the slain hero comes,
His car of triumph now the funeral bier,
While all the instruments with faltering breath
Throb mournfully the solemn march of death,
And on the heart each tone
Falls like a deadly moan.

'Tis meet that o'er his grave
The volliied musketry should loudly roar,
For never heart more brave
Throbbed in the fiery pulses of the war;
And battle's awful voice was unto him
Familiar as the tones of seraphim
To those blest saints who wait
At Heaven's royal gate.

On many a field of blood
War's cruel art he learned, borne onward fleet
On victory's red flood,
Or slowly, fiercely backward in retreat,
Unharmed in all the rage of shot and shell.
Alas! at Gettysburg he bleeding fell,
While far and wide the shout
Of "victory" ran out.

Then shed, oh summer trees!
Above his rest, like tears, your blossoms white,
While doleful harmonies
Come dropping down the long abyss of night,
As if old Time a moment in his course
Stopped, half in pity, half in pale remorse,
With restless wings outspread,
And moaned above the dead.

Ye gentle rains of spring,
That from their graves bid all the flowers leap,
Have ye no charm to bring
These rarer flowers from death's wintry sleep?
"No, no," methinks I hear the raine reply
In liquid echoes trickling down the sky,
"Here lose our charms their worth,—
They bloom, but not on earth."

Farewell, dear brother, till
Our coming feet the gates of death shall pass,
And from life's weary hill
Unto the everlasting trod;—alas!
That all who love cannot together brave,
Braced soul to soul, the dark and silent grave,
Nor from life's ranks retreat
On solitary feet.

WIFE AND LADY.—The Providence Post says:—"It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his 'lady,' or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as 'John Smith and *lady*,' or to ask a friend, 'How is your lady?' This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term *wife* is far more beautiful, appropriate and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of 'My husband,' '*My gentleman*,' or suppose we were to speak of 'Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman.' The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightfully considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel that this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people."

Campaign in Maryland—Gallant Charge of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry Over the Enemy's Breastworks, Near Falling Waters, July 14.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents the capture of the rear of the retreating rebels at Falling Waters, they being unable to recross the Potomac in time. Gen. Pettigrew, their leader, was killed, and his brigade taken prisoners.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

AN APPLICATION TO A MAGISTRATE.

The ferment increased. The arguments obtaining in the neighborhood were worthy of being listened to, if only in a curiously logical point of view. If Rupert Trevlyn in his own hand-writing had stated that he was going home to the Hold on the termination of the day's proceeding at Barmester; and if Rupert Trevlyn (as was evident) never did get to the Hold, clearly it was Mr. Chattaway who had killed and buried him. Absurd as the deduction may be to you, my calm readers, judging from a sensible, dispassionate point of view, to those excited gentry, the public, it appeared not only a feasible but a certain deduction. The thing could not rest; interviews were held with Mr. Peterby, who was supposed to be the only person who could take up the matter on the part of the missing and ill used Rupert; and that gentleman bestirred himself to make inquiries, which he set about in secret.

One dark night, between eight and nine, the inmates of the lodge were disturbed by a knocking at their door—a loud imperative knock, as if the applicant brought with him both impatience and authority. Ann Canham—trying her poor eyes over some dark sewing by the light of the small and solitary candle—started from her chair, and remarked that her heart had leaped into her mouth.

Which may have been a reason, possibly, for her standing still—face and hands alike uplifted in consternation, instead of answering the knock. It was repeated, and more imperatively.

Old Canham turned his head round and looked at her. He was smoking his last evening pipe over the fire. "Thee must open it, Ann."

Ann, seeing no help for it, went meekly to the door, wringing her hands. What she expected might be at the door, or what she feared, was best known to herself; but in point of fact, since Bowen, the superintendent, had pounced upon her a few days before, as she was going by the police station, had handed her inside, and put her through sundry questions as we put a boy through his catechism, she had lived in a state of tremor. She may have concluded it was Bowen at the door now, with the fellow pair of handcuffs to those which had been fitted on Jim Sanders.

It proved to be Mr. Peterby. Ann looked surprised, but lost three parts of her tremor. Dropping her humble curtsey, she was about to ask his pleasure, when he brushed past her without ceremony, and stepped into the kitchen.

"Shut the door," were his first words to her. "How are you, Canham?"

Mark had risen, and stood with doubtful gaze, wondering, no doubt, what the visit could mean. "I be but middlin', sir," he answered, pushing his pipe to the farthest corner of the hearth. "We haint none on us too well, sir, I reckon, with this uncertainty hanging over our minds, as to poor Master Rupert."

"It is the business I have come about. Sit down, Ann Canham," Mr. Peterby added, settling himself on the bench opposite Mark. "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Yes, sir," she meekly answered. But her hands shook so, that she nearly dropped the work she had taken up.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," cried Mr. Peterby, noticing the emotion. "I am not going to accuse you of putting him out of sight, as it seems busy tongues are accusing somebody else. On the night that this took place, the encounter spoken of between Mr. Chattaway and Rupert Trevlyn, you were passing, I believe, near the spot. You must tell me all you saw. First of all, as I am told, you encountered Rupert."

Ann Canham raised her shaking hand to her brow, and wiped the moisture that had gathered there. Mr. Peterby had begun his questioning in a hard, matter-of-fact tone, as if he were examining a witness in court, and it did not tend to re-assure her. Ann Canham was often laughed at for her shrinking timidity. She gave him the account of her interview with Rupert as correctly as she could remember it.

"He said nothing to you of his intention of going off anywhere?" asked Mr. Peterby when she had finished.

"Not a word, sir. He said he had got nowhere to go to; that if he went to the Hold Mr. Chattaway might be for horse-whipping him again. He said he thought he should lie down amid the trees till morning."

"Did you leave him there?"

"I left him sitting on the stile, sir, eating the bread. He had complained of hunger, and I got him to take a part of a cake which Mrs. Freeman had given me for my father."

"You told Bowen, the superintendent at the police station, that you asked him to take refuge in the lodge for the night."

"Yes, sir," she replied, after a slight pause. "Mr. Bowen, he put a heap of questions to me, and what with being confused at 'em, and the fright of his calling me into the place, I didn't well know what I said in answer to him."

"But you did ask Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I asked him if he'd be pleased to take shelter in the lodge till the morning, as he seemed to have nowhere to go to. But he spoke out quite sharp, like, at my asking it, and said did I think he wanted to get me and father into trouble with Mr. Chattaway. So I went away, sir, leaving him there."

"Well, now, just tell me who you met afterward."

"I hadn't got above three parts up the field, sir—it's up hill, you know—when I met Mr. Chattaway. I stood aside off the narrow path to let him pass, and wished him good night, but he didn't answer me: he went on. Just about as I came close to the road-stile, I see Jim Sanders coming over it, so I asked him where he had been, and how he had got back again, having heard that he'd not been found all day, and he answered rather impertinently that he had been up in the moon. The moon was uncommon bright that night, sir, which, perhaps, made him think to say it," she simply added.

"Was that all Jim Sanders said?"

"Yes, sir, every word. He went on down the path as if he was in a hurry."

"In the same direction that Mr. Chattaway had taken?"

"Just the same. There is but that one path, sir."

"And that was the last you saw of them?"

Ann Canham stopped to snuff the candle before she answered. "That was all, sir. I was hastening to get back to father, knowing he'd be wanting me, for I was late. Mr. Bowen, he kep' on telling me it was strange I heard nothing of the encounter, but I never did. I must ha' been out of the field long afore Mr. Chattaway could get up to Master Rupert."

"Pity but you had waited, had gone back," observed Mr. Peterby, musingly. "It might have prevented what occurred."

"Pity, perhaps, but I had, sir. But it never once came into my head that anything bad would come of their meeting. Since, after I came to know what did happen, I wondered I had not thought of it. But if I had, sir, I shouldn't have dared to go back after Mr. Chattaway. It wouldn't have been my place."

Mr. Peterby sat looking at Ann, as she thought. In point of fact, he was so wholly buried in reflection as to see nothing. He rose from the settle. "And this is all you know about it! Well, it amounts to nothing beyond establishing the fact that all three—Rupert Trevlyn, Mr. Chattaway and the boy—were on the spot at that time. Good night, Canham. I hope your rheumatism will get easier."

Ann Canham opened the door to him, and wished him good night. When he was fairly gone she slipped the bolt, and stood with her back against the door, either for additional security, or to recover her equanimity.

"Father, my heart was in my mouth all the time he were here," she repeated. "See"—holding out her shaking hands—"see the twitter I be in."

"More stupid you!" was the sympathising answer of old Canham.

The public ferment, I say, did not lessen, and the matter was at length carried before the magistrates; in so far as that the advice of one of them was asked by Mr. Peterby. It happened that Mr. Chattaway had gone this very day to Barmester. He was standing at the entrance to the inn-yard where he generally put up, talking with a gentleman, when his solicitor, Mr. Flood, came up, evidently in a state of excitement, and drew him away.

"What a mercy that I found you!" he exclaimed, out of breath. "Jackson told me you were in town. Come along!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"Matter? There's enough the matter. Peterby's before the magistrates at this very moment preferring a charge against you for having murdered Rupert Trevlyn. I got a word of it dropped to me in the oddest manner, and—"

"*What* do you say?" interrupted Mr. Chattaway, his face and his tongue alike in a blaze, as he stood stock still, and refused to stir another step without an answer.

"Come along, I say. There's some application being made to the magistrates about you, and my advice is—Mr. Chattaway," added the lawyer, in a deeper, almost an agitated tone, as he abruptly broke off his words, "I assume that you are innocent of this. You *are*?"

"Before heaven, I am innocent!" thundered Mr. Chattaway. "What do you mean, Flood?"

"Then make haste. My advice to you is, go right into the midst of it, and confront Peterby. Don't let the magistrates hear only one side of the question, by which they would prejudge it. Make your explanation to them, and let these nasty rumors be set at rest. It is my opinion that you ought to have done so at first."

Apparently eager as himself now, Mr. Chattaway strode along. They found on reaching the courts that some indifferent cause was being heard by the magistrates, nothing at all connected with Mr. Chattaway. But the explanation was obtained. Mr. Peterby was in a private room with one of the bench only—a Captain Mynn. With scant ceremony the interview was broken in upon by the intruders.

There was no formal complaint being made, no accusation being lodged, or warrant applied for. Mr. Peterby, who was on terms of intimacy with Captain Mynn, was laying the case before him unofficially, and asking his advice as a friend. A short explanation on either side ensued, and Mr. Peterby turned to Mr. Chattaway.

"I have had this forced upon me," he said. "I have been urged for days and days past to apply for a warrant against you, and I have declined. But the thing is going so far, public opinion becoming, I may say, so urgent, that I find if I don't act, it will be taken out of my hands, and given to those who have less scruple than I. I resolved, therefore, to adopt a medium course; and I came here asking Captain Mynn's opinion as a friend—not as a magistrate—whether I should have sufficient grounds for acting. For myself, I honestly confess I think them very slight; and I assure you, Mr. Chattaway, that I am no enemy of yours, although it may look like it at this moment."

"By whom have you been urged to this?" coldly asked Mr. Chattaway.

"By more than I should care to name; the public, to give them a collective word. But how the wonder you obtained cognizance that I was here, I can't make out," he added, turning to Mr. Flood. "Still a case hearer of my movements, as you have been of late, was Mr. Peterby's object, no doubt. As we have now met, Mr. Chattaway, I'll be off, and leave you to Mr. Chattaway and his solicitor, for I see Myers now coming up, by which I perceive how my time is occupied, by this, I repeat, your own. Thank Jove, it's the worst over."

It was, doubtless, a not very pleasant hearing, as unexpected, made or presented; but I can tell you that things do seem pretty orderly, when that are done in local courts every day. Mr. Mynn knew by private rumor all the particulars of the suspicion, just as well as Mr. Peterby could state them, but he listened attentively, as in civility bound. Mr. Chattaway did not deny the encounter with Rupert; he never had denied it. He acknowledged that they were neither of them very cool; that Rupert was the first to strike, and that he, Rupert, fell, or was knocked down. Immediately upon that, he, Mr. Chattaway, heard a noise, went to see what it was, and found they had had an eavesdropper, who was then making off across the field, on the other side the lane. He, Mr. Chattaway, eager at the fun, gave pursuit, in the hope of identifying the intruder (whom he had since discovered to be Jim Sanders) but was unable to catch him, the pursued proving himself considerably the fleeter runner. When he got back to the spot, Rupert was gone.

"How long may you have been absent?" inquired Captain Mynn of Mr. Chattaway.

"About six or seven minutes, I think. I ran to the other end of the field, and looked into the lane, but the boy had escaped beyond view, and I then walked back again. It would take about seven minutes; the field is large."

"And after that?"

"I re-traversed the ground again over the lower field, and went on to Barbrick, where I had business. I never saw Rupert Trevlyn after I left him on the ground; the inference, therefore—nay, the absolute certainty—is, that he must have taken the opportunity of my absence to get up and escape."

A pause.

"You did not get home, I believe, until twelve at night, or thereabouts," remarked Captain Mynn. "Some doubts have been raised—as you are, no doubt, aware—as to where you could have spent your time."

And this question led to the very core of the suspicion. Mr. Chattaway appeared to feel that it did, and he hesitated. He had spoken in a free, open manner enough, quite different from the ungracious and sullen one that generally characterised him; but he hesitated now.

"Strange to say," he resumed, "I could not account for the whole of my time that evening; that is, if I were called upon to account for it by proof, I am not sure that it could be furnished. I was very anxious to see Hurnall, the agent for the Beorfield mills, and that's where I went. My son had brought me home news from Blackstone, as to my being forced to make certain improvements in my pit, and I wanted to consult Hurnall about it; he is up to every trick and turn, and knows what they can force an owner to do, and what they can't. When I got to Hurnall's house, he was out; might be returning home immediately, the servant said, or might not be home till very late. She asked me if I could go in and wait; but I had no fancy for sitting in a close room, after being stifled all day in the close court *here*, and I said I would walk about. I walked about for two mortal hours before Hurnall came; and then I went indoors with him. That's the whole truth, I'll swear."

"Then I'd have avowed it before, had I been you," cried Mr. Peterby. "It's your non-attempt at self-defence that has done half the mischief, and given the coloring to the suspicions."

"Self-defence!" cried Mr. Chattaway, throwing his head back. "When a man's accused of murder by a set of brainless idiots, it is punishment he'd like to give to them, not self-defence."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, "but we can't always do as we like; if we could, the world might be better worth living in."

Mr. Chattaway turned to the magistrate.

"I have told you the whole truth, so far as I know it; and you may judge whether these unneighborly reports have not merited all my contempt. You can question Hurnall, who will tell you where he met me, and how long I stayed with him afterwards. As to Rupert Trevlyn, I have no more idea where he is than Mr. Peterby himself has. He will turn up some time, there's not the least doubt; and I solemnly declare that I'll then bring him to justice, should it be ten years to come."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of sending the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and for in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

TWO WAYS OF LIFE.

We find the following extract in one of our contemporaries, credited to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:—

Take two boys at the age of twenty-five. Where did that one come from? He came from the loins of a father who was upright and God-fearing. He had a mother that was a mother indeed. He had loving brothers and sisters. His entrance into life was one of almost choral joy. At every step his wants were anticipated. His evils were soon and averted. He knew nothing of need. He had abundant wealth, to depend upon. He attained the age of twenty-five without sickness, to know what it was; without tasks or burdens, to know what they were; without uncertainties, to know what they were. He had only to wait to call a good eating for twenty-five? Well, he is a sweet, goodish young man—and good for nothing. There is no marrow in his bones. There is no steel in his muscles. He has had no experience. He never fenced with a foe, and whipped him. He never fought till the sun went down, and at last wrested victory under desperate odds. He has had no training. And it has killed him, and made him a worthless young man.

And who is the other young man that has come down to twenty-five? His father died in the poor-house, and he ran away from it when he was eight years old. A good start in life? His clothes were rags. He had as many windows in them as there were in the factory where the cloth was made. He went to one who employed him for the purpose of bruising, and kicking and cuffing him. He ran away from this man to fall into one as bad, or worse hands. It is difficult to trace his course as he swept down the rolling stream, now whirled into this channel, and now into that, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. He grew up feeling that man was his enemy, and that if he had anything God must give it to him, for not that he must earn it. At seventeen or eighteen years of age he began to get a hold on life. He worked hard for a very little. That he husbanded. He studied while other men slept. And wrought out for himself against fate and a host of evils—and Manhood, the best gift that God ever gives in this world. With a heart to dare, with a spirit to endure, with fortitude to suffer, and with fearlessness without presumption, at twenty-five he looked at life and said "I can conquer it."

Here are the two men. One has come on the path of good things. He is a nice young man! He is the mother's darling, and the father's pride! His hands are by by white and beautiful! And he is good for no thing! The other is all scarred by the rough usage he has undergone, and the severe experience he has passed through. He is twenty-five, and there is not a line of beauty on him. God's plough has drawn its furrows across his brow. He is as hard as an anvil, and he has been pounded as much. He has had evil upon evil, and trouble upon trouble, and what is he now? A man! And he will be the world's ruler, if God so please; for it is the men who are wrought out under such circumstances that steer the things that are.

According to the above, then, it is a great deal better for children *not* to have a father who is "upright and God-fearing," and to have "loving brothers and sisters," and to have what is generally termed a good home; while, on the other hand, it is a great blessing for a boy to be the child of a pauper, to be born in "the poor house," to have "ragged clothes," to be "bruised, kicked and cuffed" by a hard master, to run away from him and fall into "worse hands," to have no regular schooling, and to grow up "feeling that man is his enemy."

If Mr. Beecher believes the above, we hope he is doing his duty to his own children by kicking them out of his comfortable residence at as early an age as possible. For that matter, we begin to question whether

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☞ Many women think of nothing but dress. To them the horizon is but the blue crinoline of creation.

☞ A fallow without credit finds it harder to get into debt than others do to get out.

☞ Death has consigned many a man to fame, when a longer life would have consigned him to infamy.

☞ If a belle has a brother, of course he's a Belle's he-hub.

☞ A NATURAL GLASS MANUFACTORY.—There is a mountain in California, an extinct volcano, called the Glass Mountain, from the fact that when in action it pours out large quantities of glass, quite free from impurities and perfectly transparent.

...ed, and Mr. Chesterfield to call on him, and he went out. Mr. Peterby turned to Mr. Chesterfield, and they exchanged a significant glance.

"Your opinion of this point, Mr. Chesterfield?" said the magistrate shook his head.

"My opinion is that you cannot proceed with this, Mr. Peterby. Were you to bring the matter formally before the bench, I for one would not entertain it; neither I am sure, would my brother magistrates. Mr. Chattaway is no favorite of ours, but he shall have justice. That there are points of suspicion connected with the case, I don't deny; but every one may be explained away. If what he says be true, they are explained away."

"All but the two hours, when he says he was walking about, waiting for Harnell."

"It may have been so. So; upon those very slight grounds, it is of no use to press for a warrant against Mr. Chattaway. The very enormity of the crime would almost be its answer. A gentleman of position and property, a county magistrate, guilty of the crime of murder in these enlightened days! Nonsense, Mr. Peterby!"

And Mr. Peterby echoed the words in his own mind; and went forth prepared to echo it to those who had urged him on to make the charge.

CHAPTER LI.

A FRIGHT FOR ANN CANHAM.

So the magistrates declined to interfere, and Mr. Chattaway went about a free man. But not an untainted one—if condemnatory opinions can taint—for the neighborhood was still free in its comments, and openly accused him of having made away with Rupert. Mr. Chattaway had his retaliation: he offered a reward for the recovery of the incendiary Rupert Trevlyn, and the walls for miles round were placarded with the handbills. The police, urged to it by him, recommenced their search with vigor, and Mr. Chattaway actually talked of sending to the metropolis for an experienced detective. One thing was indisputable—that if Rupert were in life he must keep himself from the vicinity of Trevlyn Hold. Nothing could save him from the law, if taken a second time. Jim Sanders would not be kidnapped again, to prevent his proving the firing of the rick; he had already testified to it officially; and Mr. Chattaway's vengeance was athirst for satisfaction.

Take it for all in all, it was going on well nigh to break the heart of Mrs. Chattaway. Looking at it in any light, it was bad enough. The fear touching her husband, not the less startling and terrible from its excessive improbability, was dissipated, for he had succeeded in convincing her he was, so far, innocent; but her fears for Rupert kept her in a perpetual state of inward terror. Miss Diana publicly condemned Rupert: this hiding from justice (if he was hiding) she regarded in a light only in a degree less reprehensible than the crime itself, as did Mrs. Ryle; and had Miss Diana met Rupert returning home some fine day, she would have laid her hand upon him as effectually as Mr. Dumps himself could, and said, "You shall not go again." Do not mistake Miss Diana: it would not have pleased her to see Rupert—a Trevlyn—stand at the bar of a public tribunal to be judged by the laws of his country: what she would have done was, to take Rupert home to the Hold, marshalled by her hand, and say to Chattaway, "Here he is, but you must forgive him: you must forgive him, because he is a Trevlyn; and a Trevlyn cannot be brought to disgrace." Miss Diana had full confidence in her own influential power to command this: others wisely doubted whether any amount of interference on any part would avail now with Mr. Chattaway. His wife felt that it would not: she felt that were poor Rupert to venture home, even in twelve months to come, trusting that time and clemency had effected his pardon, he would be sacrificed: between Miss Diana's policy, and Mr. Chattaway's opposite policy, he would inevitably be sacrificed. Altogether, Mrs. Chattaway's life was more painful now Rupert had gone, than it had been when he was at home.

Crid was against Rupert; Octave was bitterly against him; Maude went about the house with a white face and shrinking heart, her health and her spirits alike giving way under the tension. Suspense is, of all evils, the worst to bear: and they who loved Rupert, Maude and her Aunt Edith, were victims to it hourly and daily. The bow was always strung. On the one hand was the latent doubt that he had come to some violent end that night, in spite of Mr. Chattaway's denial; and they could not divest themselves of it, try as they would, or of the wretched speculation it brought in its train: on the other hand, was the lively dread that he was but concealing himself, and might be discovered by the police any day that the sun arose. They had speculated so much upon where he could be that the ever-recurring thought brought now only its heartsickness; and Maude had the additional pain of hearing daily chants issued at her because she was his sister. Mrs. Chattaway dwelled upon her beautiful traces that, hard to be borne as the suspense was, Rupert might yet come back: and time should have softened the heart of Mr. Chattaway, and the slightest change pointing against Rupert be done away with for the want of a prosecutor.

Nora was in the midst of busily at Trevlyn Farm, and Nora was free in an exhilarating manner. It was the annual cushion leave, when the busy time of harvest was fully over, to institute a general house renovating: summer curtains were taken down, and winter ones were put up, carpets were shaken, floors and paint scoured; and the place, in short, to use an ordinary expression, was turned inside out.

There was more than usual to be done this year: for meddings and alterations had to be made in sundry curtains, and the upholstering woman, by name Brown, had been at Trevlyn Farm the last day or two, getting forward with her task. The room made use of by Nora in the court at Barmester, to wile Farmer Apperley over to a private conference, and though used then but as a ruse, had really had some point in it, for negotiations were going on with that industrious member of the upholstering society, through Mrs. Apperley, who had recommended her to Nora.

Mrs. Brown sat in the centre of a pile of curtains, plying her needle steadily: the finishing stitches were being put to the work: at least, they would be before night should fall. Mrs. Brown, a sallow woman with an ever perpetual cold in her head, preferred to work in out-door costume: a black poke bonnet and faded woolen shawl of red plaid dressed over her shoulders. Nora stood by her in a very angry mood, her arms folded, just as though she had nothing to do: which would be a circumstance to be noticed at these cleaning times.

For Nora never let the grass grow under her feet, or under anybody else's feet, when there was work to do. By dint of beginning hours before daylight, and keeping at it hours after night-fall; in point of fact, by making that one day in the year four-and-twenty hours long instead of twelve, she succeeded in getting it all over in the day. Herself, Nanny, and Ann Canham put their best energies into it, one or two of the men were set to rub at the mahogany furniture, and Mrs. Ryle had to dispense almost entirely with being waited upon. And Nora's present anger arose from the fact that Ann Canham, by some extraordinary mischance, had not made her appearance.

It was putting things nearly at a standstill, as Nora complained to Mrs. Brown. The two actual cleaners of the rooms were Nanny and Ann Canham. Nanny was doing her part, but what was to become of the other part? and where could Ann Canham be? Nora kept her eyes turned on the window, as she talked and grumbled, watching for the return of Jim Sanders, whom she had despatched to see after Ann Canham.

Presently she discovered him approaching, and she went to the door and threw it open long before the lad could be at it.

"She can't come," he called out, when he at length came up.

"Not come!" echoed Nora in wrathful consternation, looking as if she felt inclined to beat Jim for bringing the message. "What on earth does she mean by that?"

"Well, she said her father was poorly and she couldn't leave him," returned Jim.

Nora could scarcely speak for indignation. Old Canham, as was known to all the neighborhood, had been poorly for years, and it never kept Ann at home before.

"I don't believe it," said she, in her perplexity.

"I don't think I do neither," returned Jim. "I'm b'most sure that old Canham was sat right afore the fire, a smoking his pipe as usual. She drawed the door to behind her, all in a hurry, while she talked to me, but not afore I see old Canham there. I be next to certain on it."

Nora could not understand the state of affairs. Ann Canham, humble, industrious, grateful for any day's work offered to her, had never failed to come, when engaged, in all Barbrook's experience. What was to be done? The morrow was Saturday, and to have the cleaning extend to that day (as it inevitably would, failing the help of Ann Canham), would have upset the farm's regularity and Nora's temper for a month. In fact, there was a doubt of its being done, as it was; for Ann Canham ought to have been there and at work hours before.

Nora took a sudden resolution. She snatched her bonnet and shawl from the pegs where they hung, and set off for the lodge, determined to bring Ann Canham back, *vi et armis*, or to know the reason why. This *contretemps* in the yearly cleaning would never be forgotten by Nora during life.

Without any superfluous civility of knocking, Nora proceeded to open the door and enter when she reached the lodge. But the door was locked.

"What can that be for?" ejaculated Nora—for she had never known the lodge door to be locked in the day-time. "She expects I shall come after her, and thinks she'll keep me out!"

Without the intervention of an instant, Nora's face was at the window, to reconnoitre the interior. She saw the smock-frock of old Mark disappearing through the opposite door, as quickly as was consistent with his rheumatic state. Nora rattled at the handle of the door with one hand and knocked sharply on its panel with the other. Ann Canham opened it.

"Now then, Ann Canham, what's the meaning of this?" she began, pushing by Ann Canham, who stood in the way, almost as if she would have kept her out.

"I beg a humble pardon, ma'am, a hundred times," was the low, deprecating answer. "I'd do anything a'most, rather nor disappoint—such a thing I'm sure as never happened to me yet—but I'm obliged.—Father, he's too poorly for me to leave him."

Nora surveyed her critically. The woman was evidently in a state of inward discomfort, if not terror. She was trembling visibly, in spite of her efforts to suppress it, and her lips were white.

"I got a boy to run down to Mrs. Sanders's this morning at day-light, and ask her to go in my place," resumed Ann Canham. "Until Jim come up here a short while agone, I never thought but what she had went."

"What's the reason you can't come?" demanded Nora, her tone one of uncompromising sternness.

"I'd come but for father. He—"

"You needn't peril your soul with deliberate untruths," interrupted angry Nora. "A woman at your age ought to fear 'em, Ann Canham. There's nothing the matter with your father; nothing that need hinder your coming out. If he's well enough to be here in the house-place, smoking his pipe, he's well enough for you to leave him. He *was* smoking. Haven't I got the smoke now in my nostrils? and what's that?" —pointing to the pipe which her quick eyes had detected, pushed into a corner of the hearth.

Ann Canham stood the picture of confusion and helplessness under the reproach. She stammered out that she "daredn't leave him: he wasn't himself to-day."

"He was enough himself to make off to avoid seeing me," said angry Nora. "What's to become of my cleaning? Who's to do it, if you don't? I insist upon your coming, Ann Canham."

It appeared almost beyond Ann Canham's courage to bring out a second refusal, and she burst into tears as she spoke it.—She had never offended afore, and she hoped, if forgive this time, never to offend again: but to leave her father that day was impossible.

And Nora had to take the refusal, and make the best of it. She went away searching for the woman's motive, and came to the conclusion, wanting a better, that she must have some sewing in hand which she was compelled to finish; but, that Mark's illness was detaining her, she believed not. Still, she could not comprehend it. Ann Canham had always been so eager to oblige, so simple, so open-minded. Had sewing really detained her, she would have brought it out to show to Nora; she would have told the truth, not have laid the excuse to her father's state of health. Nora was puzzled, and that was a thing she hated. Ruminating upon all this, she nearly ran against Mrs. Sanders at a turning of the road. The woman was passing her with a salutation, but Nora brought her up summarily.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Meg Sanders. Did you get a message from Ann Canham this morning?"

"I be a-going up about it now," was the reply. "Joe Fibbs's boy come afore I were up, and said Ann Canham had sent him to ask me to go and do the cleaning. How was I to know what was meant? and little Fibbs, he said he didn't know. So when I had got my morning's work over, and the place done up a bit, I thought I'd go and ask her."

"Of all stupid bunglers, you and Ann Canham are the worst," cried exasperated Nora. "Just turn yourself round, and go to the Farm, for that's where the cleaning is. And you must put your best hand to it, woman, or it won't get done to-day. If Ann Canham ever serves me such a trick again— I declare there's Madam Chattaway!"

Mrs. Chattaway was coming towards the road from the field way. Nora stopped to wait until she came up. Meg Sanders continued her way to to the farm. Nora who when suffering under a personal grievance must dilate upon it to everybody, favored Mrs. Chattaway with an account of Ann Canham, her extraordinary conduct, and her ingratitude.

"Rely upon it her father is ill," was the answer of Mrs. Chattaway. "I will tell you why I think so, Nora. Yesterday I was at Barmester with my sister, and as we pulled up at the chemist's, where I had business, Ann Canham came out with a bottle of medicine in her hand. I asked her who was ill, and she said it was her father. I remarked to the chemist afterwards that I supposed Mark Canham had a fresh attack of rheumatism, but he replied that it was fever."

"Fever!" echoed Nora.

"I exclaimed, as you do: but the chemist persisted that by Ann Canham's account, Mark must be suffering from a species of low fever. As we returned, my sister stopped the pony-carriage at the lodge, and Ann came out to us. She explained it differently from the chemist: what she had meant to imply when she went for the medicine was, that her father was feverish—but he was better then, she said. Altogether, I judge that he is a little worse than usual, and it may be that she was afraid to leave him today."

"Well," said Nora, "all I can say is, that I saw old Canham stealing out of the room when I knocked at it, just as though he did not want to be seen. He was sneaking, too: I can't make it out."

Mrs. Chattaway was neither so specifative nor so curious as Nora—perhaps not as keen: she viewed it as nothing extraordinary that Mark Canham should be rather worse than usual, or that his daughter should decline to go out and leave him. Quitting the subject, she spoke of one that bore for her a far deeper interest.

"Nora, you see we hear nothing of Rupert. Is it not strange?"

"Middling for that," answered Nora, with a very significant cough. "I think I could find him, if I tried: I have not had much doubt as to where he is, for a long while."

To describe the feverish interest to which Mrs. Chattaway was aroused by this speech would be difficult. Her cheeks grew crimson, her lips parted in their eagerness, her hands were raised.

"Oh, Nora, tell me, tell me! You would tell me if you knew what I suffer. My days are passed in suspense, in terror: my nights are rendered painful by ever-haunting dreams. Only last night I saw him working with chains on his arms and legs. Tell me, if you know where he is."

"I don't *know* anything, Madam Chattaway; any more than you or others do," was Nora's answer, and it brought depression to the heart of her eager listener. "I *think* he is at that out-of the-way place hundreds of miles off, being kept quiet by Mr. Daw."

"But he cannot be," reasoned Mrs. Chattaway. "Did you not know of the letters that came from Mr. Daw?"

"Yes, I did; and I felt sure at the time that those letters came as a blind," said wise Nora. "I feel sure of it still. Mrs. Ryle thinks as I do—that Rupert is there. Don't worry yourself, Madam Chattaway. If he is there, he is being taken care of; and it may all come right in the end."

Nora went away as she spoke. Fond as she was of gossiping, it was not expedient to spare time for it to-day. Mrs. Chattaway looked after her, and crossed the road to continue her way to Barbrook. But when she got into the field on the opposite side, and saw before her the narrow grove where—as accounts ran—the encounter had taken place between her husband and Rupert on the night of the latter's disappearance, the unhappy lady felt that she could not traverse it. She went back to the highway, and continued her course by that route, though it was considerably longer.

Much later in the day,—in fact when the afternoon was getting on—Ann Canham, with a wild, scared look in her face, turned out of the lodge. She took the road towards Trevlyn Farm. Not in an open, bold manner, as folks do who are not afraid of dogs and policemen, but in a timorous, uncertain, hesitating fashion that did give the idea that she must dread either the one or the other. Plunging into the fields when she was nearing the farm, she stole along under cover of the hedge, until she reached the one which skirted the fold-yard. Cautiously raising her face to take a view over it of what might be on the other side, it came almost into contact with another face, which was raised there to see anything there might be to see on this—the face of policeman Dumps.

Ann Canham uttered a shrill scream, and flew away as fast as her legs could carry her. Perhaps of all living beings, Mr. Dumps was about the last she would have preferred to encounter just then. That gentleman made his way to a side gate, and called after her.

"What be you afeard on, Ann Canham? Did you think it was a mad bull a-looking over at you?"

It occurred to Ann Canham that her starting away in that extraordinary fashion could only be regarded as consistent with the near companionship of a mad bull, or some other obnoxious animal, and "that the policeman might be for setting himself to the work of discovering her motive—it lying in the nature of a policeman's work so to do. That thought, or some other, made her turn slowly back again, and confront Mr. Dumps.

"What was you afeard on?" he repeated.

"Not of nothing in particular, please, sir," she answered. "It was the suddenness like of seeing a face there that startled me."

Mr. Dumps thought she looked curiously startled still. But that complacent official, being accustomed by the bare fact of his presence to strike terror to the heart of boys and other scapegraces of the parish, did not give it a second thought.

"Were you looking for anybody?" he asked, simply as an idle question.

"No, sir. I just put my head up over the hedge without meaning. I didn't want nothing."

Mr. Dumps, in the lofty manner patronized by some of his tribe, turned away on his heel without condescending so much as a "good-afternoon." Ann Canham pursued her way along the side hedge which skirted the fold-yard, the hedge which was at right angles with that skirting the road. Anybody observing her closely might have detected indications of trembling about her still. In a cautious and timid manner, she at length turned her head round, to get a glimpse of Mr. Dumps's movements.

Mr. Dumps—and what had taken him into the fold-yard at Mr. Ryle's, Ann Canham could not guess—unless it might be that he was looking after Nanny—had turned into the road, and was pursuing his way slowly down it. Every step took him farther from Ann Canham; and when he was fairly out of sight, the sigh of relief she gave was long and deep.

But of course there was no certainty that he would not be coming back again. Possibly it was that insecurity that caused Ann Canham to take stolen looks over into the fold-yard, and then duck down her head under the hedge, as if she had been at some forbidden play. But Mr. Dumps did not come back again; and yet she continued her game.

A full hour by the sun had she been at it; and by her countenance, by the almost despairing occasional movement of her hands, it might be inferred that she was growing sadly anxious and weary, when Jim Sanders emerged from some one of the out-buildings at the upper end of the fold-yard, and began to traverse it towards the other end. To do this he had to pass within a few yards of the hedge where the by-play was going on; and somewhat to his surprise he heard himself called to in hushed and covert tones. Casting his eyes to the spot whence the voice proceeded, he saw the well-tanned straw bonnet, the care-worn brow, and weak eyes of Ann Canham raised above the hedge. She beckoned to him in a mysterious manner, and then all signs of her disappeared.

"If ever I see the like o' that!" soliloquized Jim. "What's up with Ann Canham?" He approached the hedge, and bawled out to know what she wanted.

"Hush—sh—sh—sh!" came forth the warning sound from the other side. "Come round here to me, Jim."

Considerably astonished, thinking perhaps Ann Canham had got a litter of live puppies to show him—for, if Jim had a weakness for anything on earth it was for those charming specimens of the young animal world—he made his way through the gate round to Ann Canham. Ann had no puppies; nothing but a small note in her hand, wafered down and pressed with a thimble.

"Is the master anywhere about, Jim?"

"He's just gone into the barn now. The men be thrashing."

Ann Canham paused a moment. Jim stared at her.

"Could you just do me a bit o' service, Jim?" she resumed.

Jim, a good-natured lad at all times, replied that he supposed he could if he tried. But he stared still; he was puzzled by this extraordinary behavior on the part of quiet Ann Canham.

"I want this bit of a letter give to him," she said, pointing to what she held. "I want it give to him when he's by hisself like, so that it don't get seen as it's give to him. Could you manage it, Jim?"

"I dare say I could," replied Jim. "What is the letter? What's inside of him?"

"Well, it concerns Mr. Ryle," said Ann Canham, after a perceptible hesitation. "Jim, if you'll do this faithful for me, I won't forget it. Mind you watch your opportunity; and keep the letter inside your smock frock, for fear anybody should see it."

"I'll do it," said Jim. He took the note from her, put it in his trowsers' pocket underneath his smock frock, and went back towards the barn whistling. Ann Canham turned homewards, flying over the ground now as if she were running a race.

Jim had not to wait for an opportunity. He met his master coming out of the barn. The doorway was dark; the thrashing men were at the upper end of the barn, and no eyes were near. Jim could not help some of the mystery which had appeared in Ann Canham's manner from extending to his own.

"What's this?" asked George.

"Ann Canham brought it, sir. She was hiding t'other side the yard hedge and called to me, and she telled me to be sure to give it when nobody was by."

George took the missive to the door and looked at it. A piece of white paper, which had apparently served to wrap tea in, or something of that sort, folded in an awkward fashion, and wafered down with a thimble. No direction.

He pulled it open; the wafer, made very wet, was not dry yet; and he saw a few words in a sprawling hand:—

Don't betray me, George. Come to me in secret as soon as you can. I think I'm dying.

And in spite of its being signatureless; in spite of the scrawled characters, the blotted words, George Ryle recognized the handwriting of Rupert Trevlyn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

any father has a right to be an honest, industrious, and temperate mechanic, and an affectionate husband and father, and yet be so much the better for doing his duty to his family. We have heard of bringing up a boy by knocking him down, but we are a little surprised to find Mr. Beecher delarging upon the manifold advantages of that rather rough mode of education. Our notion is that it is apt to make the heart "as hard as an anvil," as well as the body.

To be perfectly fair to Mr. Beecher, we must add that he afterwards says that "it taked both the things that are, and those that are not good, to make a fully developed man;" it takes prosperities and adversities; it takes blessings and mischiefs; it takes soft pats and hard blows; it takes things bright, and things dark; it takes night and day; it takes summer and winter," and in this view, thus briefly stated, we are far more disposed to acquiesce. But we do not consider it very consistent with what we have previously quoted. Even with the blessings of kind parents and a good home, children will probably be not entirely deprived, in a fluctuating world like this, of the bracing influence—if it always be a bracing and strengthening influence—of adversity and misfortune. While in the case Mr. Beecher has pictured of the son of the pauper, and child of misery, the probability is that such an one will get so little of "the properities," of "soft pats," of the sunshine and summer of life, that he will grow up cold, stern, narrow and hard, if he does not graduate ultimately in the court-house for the penitentiary.

Where a great and noble nature is seen to emerge from the dark waves of such unfortunate circumstances, we judge it to be due far more to the original strength and purity of the character, than to the unhappy circumstances by which it has been surrounded.

A MOB'S WORK.

Mr. J. S. Gibbons, of New York, sends to the *Evening Post* of that city, the following account of how his dwelling was treated by the mob. The ruthlessness of the destruction could not have been surpassed by Minnesota savages:—

Everything portable was carried off—beds, bedding, all the bureau drawers and the lighter bureaus, tables, and even the grate pans and last kitchen pot. Of twenty-five hundred volumes, the accumulation of thirty years, not a single book was left in the house. Of the furniture that was too heavy to carry off, one small piece only was left unmutilated by axes. Nearly all the glass and much of the sash work was destroyed. The stair banisters and marble mantles were chopped down. All the gas fixtures were twisted off, and most of the water faucets. The crotch pipe was pounded up in the cellar, to cut off the water, that the fire might not be extinguished, and but for the neighbors, who, at the peril of life, brought in buckets from their own houses, the place would have been burned. The doors were broken into fragments, and even sliding doors pulled out and their panels split. The lower parts of several heavy bureaus, and portions of several bedsteads and tables were left in the house, and no-thing more.

While this destruction was being worked, Mr. Gibbons's wife and daughter, it is stated, were nursing sick soldiers at Fortress Monroe!

THE REBEL PREACHERS.

The Richmond clergymen appear to have taken to preaching politics. Among the "Sabbath Notices" in last Saturday's *Dispatch* is the following:—"The fourth of the series of interesting discourses will be delivered on Sunday morning, at Bethel Meeting House, 25th street, Union Hill. Subject:—'The Northern States of America the most likely location of "the Lake of Fire and Brimstone," in the which the Beast and the False Prophet will be tormeated.'"

Perhaps the rebel clergyman in question is not so far out of the way. General Lee evidently stands for "the Beast," and Jeff. Davis for "the False Prophet." And we of the North must try to make this part of the country a "lake of fire and brimstone" for them.

"A GLEAM OF SUCCESS."

The *London Times* first said that to take Vicksburg was impossible—and then, after it was taken, that it was "a gleam of success." We should think the hole made in the clouds by the capture of 30,000 men and over two hundred pieces of artillery, might let more than a "gleam" of sunshine through—but then the *Times* was speaking of a Federal victory. Had it been a rebel one, words large and strong enough could scarcely have been found to characterize the importance of the achievement, and the marvellous skill of the victorious general.

GREEN FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.—It is said that sweet oil, rubbed upon horses or persons, will prevent the bites of the green-headed fly and the mosquito. The editor of the Philads. Ledger says:—

We have tried the experiment of rubbing sweet oil upon the hands and wrists for the purpose of driving off mosquitoes, and the experiment was followed with the most successful results. Even the tone of the mosquito's hum will change when coming in contact with a skin rubbed over in this way, and it is amusing to notice it. Its song of triumph, *ung, ung, ung*, as it approaches, confident of enjoying a sanguinary feast—that cruel, leisurely and unvarying hum, as if it took delight in preparing its victims for the torture by making them conscious of attack—is changed at once into the sharp and quick cry of *ting, ting, ting*, as it darts off as if it had touched a coal of fire and did not like the sensation it had caused. We believe that this same remedy, sweet oil, would keep our soldiers from the attacks of mosquitoes while lying in camp.

THERE are two girls in Boston who have engaged to serve the Third Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association to Atlantic City, will take place on Tuesday, August 18th. The last train leaves Vine street wharf at 6 A. M. Tickets can be procured at the Rooms, 1009 Chestnut street, and at the principal bookstores. Price $1.25.

HEATHEN REFERENCES TO THE SABBATH.

The observance of a Seventh day of rest was a custom among the ancients before the time when the Commandment to keep it holy was formally promulgated by God, as recorded in the sacred Scriptures. Before the giving of the Decalogue, the Sabbath is referred to as an existing institution, and therefore we are to consider the Commandment relating to that day, as pointing out the *manner* in which it should be kept, rather than to a mere setting the Seventh portion of time apart as a season of rest.—It is to be kept holy—to be observed as sacred to the Lord, to be marked by a holy convocation or assembling of the people for the purpose of Divine worship. The first and second mentions of the day (Exodus xii. 16; xvi. 23) indicate these facts, which it would be well for those persons to remember, who are prone to make the sacred time an occasion in which they would seek their own pleasure in carnal enjoyments, or the indulgence of any form of sloth and selfishness. Elsewhere the Scripture is unmistakeably distinct in pointing out our duty to keep the day holy, and to assemble ourselves together before the Lord, as a covenant people, to render to him the due tribute of service in positive acts of worship. As Christians we observe the first day of the week, as if offering the first fruits of the week, and to celebrate the resurrection of our blessed Lord.

It is interesting to note here, that the observance of the Seventh day is not a mere Jewish institution and of Jewish origin, as some persons would sneeringly assert. The Seventh day, whether it be the first or the last day of the week, has always been known to all nations, as having a peculiar character; so that to observe it in some marked way, seems to be a principle belonging to our common nature. No one can question that it is in accordance with our common need. To keep such a day is as universal as eating and drinking. A paragraph in Tullidge's "Triumphs of the Bible" is quite in point.

"Grotius' says the 'nations which most rigidly retained ancient customs, reckoned by nights, darkness having originally preceded light, as Thales taught from the ancients.' The remembrance of the completion of the work of creation on the Seventh day was preserved by every nation, of whom any records or traditions have come down to us. Hesiod, who lived about nine hundred years before the advent of Christ, says: 'The Seventh day is holy.' Homer, who sang about the same period, and Callimachus, likewise a Greek poet, who flourished about seven hundred years later, allude to the Seventh day as holy. Theophilus of Antioch says: 'The day which all mankind celebrate.' Porphyry says: 'The Pœnicians consecrated one day in seven as holy.' Lucian remarks: 'The Seventh day is given to school boys as a holiday.' Eusebius observes: 'Almost all the philosophers and poets acknowledge the Seventh day as holy.' Clemens Alexandrinus says: 'The Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, observe the Seventh day as holy.' Josephus, the Jewish historian, says: 'No city of Greeks or barbarians can be found, which does not acknowledge a Seventh day's rest from labor.' Philo testifies: 'The Seventh day is a festival to every nation.' It was found (as ancient authors testify) in the calendars of the Hindus, Egyptians, Arabs and Assyrians—All the vestiges uequestionably point to the institution of the primeval Sabbath in Paradise, which has survived the fall of Empires, and has existed among all successive generations, another proof, besides those already given, of the common origin of mankind!"—*Calendar.*

☞ Dr. Johnson, though ill qualified, either by the habits of his life or the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, one day clasped the hand of a lady remarkable for its symmetry and whiteness. Smiling, as she withdrew it, he said, "You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare, that this is the finest work that ever came out of *my* hands?"

☞ If young ladies have a fault, it is sometimes in being a little too forward; but then this is a fault which they always correct in after age, for as soon as a young lady has reached 30, she begins to make amends for her former forwardness, by going backwards regularly every year.

☞ General Meade being asked what he would have done if beaten at Gettysburg, answered that he would have fallen back on his *Couch*.

☞ A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:—

I sigh her praise in poetry:
For her at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And *wipe them with my sleeve.*

☞ When a young lady takes the helm of a boat, it is generally for a *shie steery us* purpose.

Western Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We have thought it best this week to let all other matter make way for Mr. Olmstead's report of the work of the Commission at Gettysburg, feeling sure our contributors would prefer that, to anything else we could give them. From the rooms of the W. P. B. we ask the indulgence of correspondents, reminding them of the large amount of labor devolving upon a small number of workers in our rooms since the battle in Pennsylvania.

PRELIMINARY REPORT

OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF JUNE AND JULY, 1863.

WASHINGTON, July 28, 1863.

To the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Commission:

GENTLEMEN: In accordance with your request, a statement of recent operations in the Department of the Potomac is herewith presented. No general reports having been received from the Inspectors in the field, and the Secretary of the Department being still absent at Gettysburg, it will necessarily be incomplete, but will suffice to show that the organization of the Commission has accomplished its design in the premises, notwithstanding misfortunes for which it was not to be expected that provisions should be made.

The Army of the Potomac broke camp on the Rappahannock on the 15th of June, the offensive forces moving northward by forced marches, and the sick and wounded being removed by rail to Aquia Creek, and thence by steamboats to Washington. A small part of the Commission's Potomac Relief Corps was sent out with the marching columns of the stores and furniture of the relief stations and depots at Falmouth, Potomac Creek, and Brook's Station were hastily but safely removed to Aquia Creek, whence, as soon as the transfers of the hospitals had been completed, they were all shipped on a steamboat which had been held there for that purpose.

The number of hospital patients to be removed was nearly 10,000. They were taken from Aquia Creek on such boats as the Quartermaster's Department was able to obtain for the emergency at Washington. No provision having been made on board of them for such service, and being crowded, there was necessarily much hardship. The patients were landed immediately on the arrival of the boats at the Government wharf at Washington, where, owing to the necessarily limited number of vehicles which could be commanded, they accumulated in large numbers. The agents of the Commission, with a considerable volunteer force engaged for the occasion, labored night and day to provide for their wants, and this with as much good judgment as zeal. A kitchen having been previously established on the wharf, cauldrons of hot beef soup and coffee, with bread by the wagon load, were kept constantly ready, and served to all as soon as they arrived, and as often as they needed while they remained. More than 9,000 were fed in two days, and most of the patients thus received the only nourishment they obtained from the time they left the camps on the Rappahannock till they reached their destination in the fixed hospitals. Those going northward from Washington where a second time provided for in a similar manner, at the railway station in Washington. Many of the agents of the Commission labored at this time two and three days and nights without rest. The ordinary "special relief" business of the Commission at Washington was at the same time much increased. Twenty surgeons and discharged men died at its Home within the fortnight.

The wagons of the Commission attending the army on its march were frequently replenished with supplies sent out from the depot at Washington, and daily rendered valuable assistance to the surgeons having the care of the men wounded in the skirmishes, in the cavalry engagements at the gaps of the mountains, and those falling ill under the fatigues and privations of the several forced marches, undertaken in the heat of midsummer in a dry and desolated region.

Immediately upon the retreat of Gen. Milroy's forces from Winchester, it was ascertained that the supply of hospital stores at Harper's Ferry was very limited, and a relief agent was sent in charge of a wagon-load of such stores, from the Commission's depot at Frederick, as would supply the more important deficiencies. This was got safely through, but the wagon, on its return, with the teamster and horses, was captured by Stuart's cavalry. The relief agent, having remained with the wounded at Harper's Ferry, escaped. The teamster is still missing.

The Commission's stores at Frederick were safely concealed during its occupation by the enemy, but as soon as the army of the Potomac reached there, the depot was again opened and the stock increased. The wagons moving with the army have since received their supplies from this point.

When the enemy was known to have crossed the Potomac in force, responsible and experienced officers of the Commission were stationed at Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Frederick, and a systematic daily communication was established between them and the agents moving with the different columns of the army, and the central office of the Commission. Supplies were accumulated and held ready for movement at different points on the circumference of the seat of war, and care was taken to have ample reserves at the Branch offices nearby for their support. On the news of the battle of Gettysburg, Westminster, the nearest point of railroad communication to the battle field, was fixed upon as the point of approach, and authority to run a car daily with the Government trains to that station was obtained.

Two wagon-loads of battle-field supplies had been distributed to meet deficiencies in the stores of the surgeons, shortly before the battle commenced. These wagons returned to Frederick for loads, and two others, fully loaded, arrived from Frederick at the moment of the assault of Longstreet upon the left wing of the loyal army, and were pushed forward under fire, to reach the collections of wounded men from them on the ground, and upon the ground behind a turn of an overhanging hill, from five hundred to a thousand yards in the rear of the fighting line. Simultaneously, a despatch was sent to throw up the arms, containing a "Thank God! here comes the Sanitary Commission. Now we shall be able to do something." Its load exhausted nearly all of its supplies; and the remainder, with the wagon, subsistence, line, and bandages, which were at once furnished him, were undoubtedly the means of saving many lives. The empty wagons which had gone back to Frederick were reloaded and ready to leave there on the 4th. Dr. McDonald, who was acting Chief Inspector in the field, having arrived at for the further movement of supplies by Westminster, undertook to conduct one of the wagons to Gettysburg by Emmitsburg, the shortest route; the other was sent by the way of Westminster. The latter got safely through to the hospitals in the rear of the army, the former with Dr. McDonald and the Rev. Mr. Scanlin, a relief agent, and the teamster, fell into the hands of the enemy's cavalry, and have since been heard of, only as prisoners with the rebels in their retreat. Dr. McDonald having been charged with the chief responsibility of the operations of the Commission upon the battle-field, and especially with that of arranging communications and methods of supply his absence, the cause of which was not for some days understood, caused some embarrassment. Supplies having, however, been sent to Westminster, before the close of the battle, a school house centrally situated among the hospitals was taken as a field depot, to which they were as rapidly as possible brought by the three remaining wagons then on the ground, and from which they were rapidly distributed where most needed. Eleven wagon loads of special supplies have been distributed to the corps hospitals and to scattering groups of wounded found in the field, before any supplies arrived by railroad. Additional means of transportation were at length procured from the country people, of whom, also, some stores were obtained, and a station was opened in the town of Gettysburg. On the 5th, the branch railroad to Gettysburg which had been broken up by the enemy, was so far repaired as to allow a train to approach within a mile of the town. By the first train which came over after the battle, two carloads of valuable goods were sent by the Commission, and two or more went by each succeeding train for a week. The wounded now began to be brought from the field to the railroad for removal to fixed hospitals elsewhere. As they arrived much faster than they could be taken away, they were laid on the ground, exposed to the rain or to the direct rays of the July sun, without food. This having been anticipated and provided for by the Commission's agents in Baltimore, on the second day the Commission had a complete relief station on a large scale in operation, at the temporary terminus of the railroad. It consisted of several tents and awnings, with a kitchen and other conveniences. From that time to the present from one to two thousand wounded men have been fed at this station daily, and from one to two hundred furnished with beds at night. With the completion of the road the relief station was removed to the town; but a second and larger depot for the distribution of goods was also established in the town, and additional horses and wagons to assist in this duty were got up from Baltimore.

In the meantime, the movements of the army and the prospects of another great battle on the Potomac, demanded the attention of the Commission. Six new wagons, with horses, were procured in Baltimore and Washington, and sent to Frederick, to which point also supplies were forwarded by rail, and thence transferred by wagons to Boonsboro, where a house was taken and a depot established on the same day that it was occupied by General Meade. A house for a depot was also secured at Hagerstown as soon as the enemy retired from it. Supplies were at the same time sent by rail down the Cumberland Valley, with wagons and horses for their further carriage, procured in Philadelphia.

The above is a very imperfect outline of the general plan of measures taken to secure a prompt application of the means of relief entrusted to the Commission, at the points where it was likely to have the greatest value.

The following is an incomplete statement of the quantities of the principal articles distributed by the Commission to the wounded upon the field at Gettysburg during the ten days following the battle. The perishable articles (amounting to over 60 tons) were taken to the ground in refrigerating cars. A considerable quantity of the same articles purchased from or contributed by the farmers about Gettysburg, is not included under this statement:

Of drawers, shirts and other hospital body-clothing, 39 884 pieces, being equal to full suits of clean bed-clothing for 10,000 wounded men.

Of beds, sheets, blankets, comforts, pillows, cushions for wounded limbs, and musquito nets, 11,700 pieces, being equivalent to a complete bed equipment for 1,800 men, severely wounded.

Of Bed utensils	726
Towels and napkins	10,000
Sponges	2,300
Combs	1,500
Buckets	300
Soap, Castile	250 pounds.
Oil silk	300 yards.
Tin basins, cups, &c.	7,000
Old linen, bandages, &c.	110 barrels.
Water tanks	7
Water coolers	46
Bay rum and Cologne water	100 bottles.
Fans	3,500
Chloride of lime	11 barrels.
Shoes and slippers	4,000 pairs.
Crutches	1,300 pairs.
Lanterns	180
Candles	350 pounds.
Canvas	300 sq. yds.

OF ARTICLES OF SUSTENANCE, VIZ.

Fresh poultry and mutton	11,000 pounds.
Fresh butter	6,100 pounds.
Fresh eggs (chiefly collected for the occasion at farm-houses in Pennsylvania and New Jersey)	8,500 dozens.
Fresh garden vegetables	675 bushels.
Fresh berries	48 bushels.
Fresh bread	10,300 loaves.
Ice	20,000 pounds.
Concentrated beef soup	3,800 pounds.
Concentrated milk	12,500 pounds.
Prepared farinaceous food	7,000 pounds.
Dried fruit	3,500 pounds.
Jellies and conserves	2,000 jars.
Tamarinds	750 gallons.

The service of the Commission has never been more honorable to those engaged in it than in this campaign. The fact that these agents of the Commission are now prisoners of war, taken while conveying to the front the wood supplies; that in preparing to send these supplies to the front, they had been often in imminent jeopardy, while others, forgetful of self, have labored continuously during successive days and nights; and that while there have been many critical periods in the management of the army, no complaint or reproach has been heard from any of the numerous persons who have had occasion at all times and places demanding promptly in the [illegible] and [illegible] the services of the Commission. More than double the amount of work which has been done on any other occasion with a comparatively small force, has been performed, and the result of the whole campaign, in the department of subsistence has been a very light and grateful duty.

Respectfully,
FRED. LAW OLMSTEAD,
General Secretary.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 pkg., Hebrew Aid Society, through Mrs. Solomon.
4 cans apple butter, Patriot Daughters of Lancaster county.
1 box, Mrs. F. S. Conover, Princeton, N. J.
1 box, Williamsburg Aid Society, Blair co.
3 boxes, Aid Society, Wellsborough, Tioga co.
1 box, Middletown, Juniata county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Pennington ville.
1 box wines, 2 barrels, Patriot Daughters of Lancaster county.
1 pkg., School Lane Circle, Mrs. W. Johnson.
2 boxes, Insane Asylum, N. J.
5 boxes, 5 pkgs., Trenton Aid, N. J.
1 box, Sanitary Society, New Paris, Bedford county.
1 keg, Hillside Aid, Kingston.
3 boxes, Aid Society, Harrisonville, Gloucester county, N. J.
3 boxes, three ladies of Frankford.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Little Meadow, Pa.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Conshohocken.
2 pkgs., St. Luke's Auxiliary Society.
1 pkg., Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid, Church of the Saviour, West Philad.
1 pkg. Hat, Ella Harding.
1 box, unknown.
2 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Roxborough.
1 barrel, 1 box and 1 keg, Aid Society, Willsborough, Tioga county.
2 boxes, Lewisburg Aid, Union county.
4 boxes, Army Aid Society, Providence, Montgomery county.
2 barrels, Ladies' Aid, Friendsville.
1 barrel, No. 26, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna.
2 barrels, 4 boxes, Aid Society, Chatham, Chester county.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
1 pkg., Colored Women's Loyal Union League, Phila.
1 pkg., Mrs. A. H. Franciscus, 1320 Arch st.
1 pkg., Two Lazy Friends of the Soldier.
2 boxes, Mifflinburg, Union county.
1 box, Aid Society, Byberry.
2 boxes, Miss E. B. Stevens, Princeton, N. J.
1 box, Mrs. McConnell and daughter, Summit Hill, Carbon county.
8 boxes, Smithboro.
1 pkg., Mrs. Rhea Barton.
1 pkg., Little Mary, Joseph Butler.
3 pkgs., Dr. Brainerd's Church.
1 box, Mrs. Dr. Gross.
2 boxes, 2 kegs, Aid Society, Trenton, N. J.
1 box, Aid Society, Columbia.
1 barrel, unknown.
1 box, Sisters of J. H. of Mary, St. Joseph's, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Aid Society, N. and E. Coventry, near Pottstown.
1 keg, unknown.
1 box, 1 keg, Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co.
1 pkg., Mrs. J. C. Fisher and Mrs. G. C. Carson.
1 pkg., Mrs. Dutton.
1 box, Calvary Church, Miss Rechner.
1 pkg., ladies of Serf House, Atlantic City.
Shirts, a Friend.
1 box, D. W. Spooner, Boston.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, All Saints' Church and Torresdale.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Williamsport.
1 box, Sanitary Association, McKayeville, Juniata county.
1 box, Weatherly, Carbon county.
2 pkgs., St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
1 pkg., Mrs. Scheetz.
4 pkgs., 1 keg, Aid Society, First Presbyterian Church, Phila.
1 box, Spartansburg Relief Com., Crawford county.
2 barrels, Soldiers' Aid, Forrest Lake, Susquehanna county.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Relief, Carbon county.
2 boxes, Upper Oxford Relief League.
1 boxes, Mrs. Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill county.
2 pkgs., Miss M. E. Twaddill.
Bordentown, 1 barrel, July 10th.
Minersville, 1 box, 1 barrel, July 15th.
Sunbury, 6 boxes, July 2d.
Christ Church, Phila., 2 pkgs., July 17th.

☞ "My dear," said an anxious father to a bashful daughter, "I intend that you should be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age—one that can charm you with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, papa."

☞ A Western editor (of course he was an editor) thus describes the manner of the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:—

"He never said a word,
But with a look of deepest sorrow,
He sat, like Patience on an ox-cart,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

☞ Life in the country may be one of the richest on earth, but it may also be one of the poorest. If the great book of nature be open to the eye of him who reads there, and illumined with the light of heaven from his little knoll, he can not help enjoy all the glory of the world; but if he can see in nature only the potato field which gives him food, then is this golden vale closed for him, and he himself stands like a potato plant, fast rooted in the earth.

☞ FOOT AND FRIENDSHIPS.—At the succession of Port Hudson it was found that it was in some cases a joyous meeting between old friends. A report says:—"And not only between a few classmates, but between whole regiments, on the day of the surrender, there was a constant interchange of good feeling. Perhaps they have drained bagonets for the last time. That is not certain. But no fears for the future subject to trouble these heroes of many battles, during talked of the scenes in which they all had borne a part. Ere this day closed, many hearts were knit together in friendly bonds, which, a few hours before, were severed by the deepest enmity."

☞ "Gentlemen," said an engineer, by way of settling a dispute as to the relative speed of the engines, "the last time I rode the 'Blowhard' from Syracuse, we went so fast that the telegraph poles along the track looked like a fine-tooth comb."

☞ A young lady in Springfield recently lost her pet lap-dog. It was laid out in a superb coffin, lined with satin; and then the little creature lay in state in the parlor, while its bereaved mistress gave herself up to uncontrollable grief, and in the presence of her mother burst forth into lamentations over her loss. "Don't cry, my child," says the fond parent; "don't cry, you have the consolation of knowing that you have done your duty to the little darling."

☞ It was of Aunt Margaret that the famous story was first told of the finding the burglar under the bed; when she did see him there, at last, in the course of her usual nightly inspection of every possible hiding-place, she is said to have observed, notwithstanding her abject terror: "Ah, you're the man I've been expecting to see here for these thirty years!"

☞ The sword which belonged, to Absalom, is said to have been found in Bucharest. The blade has on one side the following words, in Hebrew characters: "Present from Gesaar to Absalom, son of David-Jebo, Jebo."

☞ Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became exceedingly thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying—"One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

☞ Smith has made an assertion to Jones. Jones replied that it was a confounded "lie—kely story." Smith first starred, and then blandly requested Jones to be kind enough to place his syllables closer together upon the next occasion.

☞ A critic, writing of Goethe, in the Illustrated News, thus concludes his article: "Let us thank our stars that men of genius have died out with the Mastodon and Megatherium, and that respectable Dullness reigns in their stead." He might have added, "and writes for the Illustrated News."

☞ A LIFE OF REMARKABLE FRIDAYS.—Mrs. Eunice Hayes died at Milton, New Hampshire, March 27, at the age of one hundred and two. She left one hundred and eighty one descendants. She was born on Friday, consecrated to God in baptism on Friday, married on Friday, moved into Milton on Friday, her husband died on Friday, and she died on Friday, as she often affirmed she would.

☞ The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon, and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall upon a pavement, is only a slight verbal distinction, after all—one is *dental*, and the other *accidental*.

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Truly saddened me when the winter
Shut it gates in his stash of snow,
Saying "Wait till the sweet spring cometh,
Oh wait till the flowers blow,
For then will the time be over,
And then he will come, you know!"

So I said to my soul "be patient,
Nor grieve with restless fate;
Soon, soon will the lovely spring time
Open her emerald gate;—
He will come with the early bluebird,—
Be patient, my soul, and wait!"

Spring came, in her blushing beauty,
With a crown on her young brow set,
And her fair hands full of flowers,
But her beautiful eyes were wet
With tears for the one unended,—
My love was not coming yet.

Then I murmured, half repining,
"We named it a title soon,
He will come with the queenly summer,
He will come with the regal June!"
Alas! for our hopes is blasted,
And this is the summer noon!

In the hush of my desolate chamber,
Where only One can see,
I cry "Oh, merciful Father!
How long shall this parting be?
How long must I sit in sorrow
Before he will come to me?"

Mason, Mich.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LANCELOT'S TROUBLES.

Eleanor Monckton sat looking at the door which had closed upon the scene in the lamp-lit hall, almost as if the intensity of her gaze could have pierced the solid oaken panel and revealed to her that which was taking place outside the dining-room.

Richard Thornton and her husband, both watching her face, wondered at the sudden change in its expression—the look of rapt wonder and amazement that had come over it from the moment in which Launcelot Darrell had gone out into the hall. Richard guessed that something strange and unexpected had occurred, but Gilbert Monckton, who was quite in the dark as to his wife's feelings, could only stare blankly at her face, and mutely wonder at the mystery which tortured him. Laura Mason, who had been throughout the day alarmed by her lover's manner, who too anxious about Launcelot Darrell to observe the face of her friend.

"I'm sure there's something wrong," she said; "I'm sure there is, Mr. Monckton. You don't know how Launcelot's been going on all day, frightening me out of my wits. Hasn't he not, Eleanor? Hasn't he, Mr. Thornton? Saying he won't be a pauper, dependent upon his wife, and that you've wounded his feelings by talking about Art as if you were a bricklayer; or as if he was a bricklayer, I forget which. I had a presentiment all day that something was going to happen; and Launcelot did go on so, staring at the fire, and hammering the coals, and sighing as if he had something awful on his mind—as if he'd committed a crime, you know, and was brooding over it," added the young lady, with an evident relish of the last idea.

Mr. Monckton looked contemptuously at his ward. The girl's frivolous babble was in horrible discord with his own anxiety—a kind of parody of his own alarm.

"What do you mean by committing crimes, Laura?" he said. "I'm afraid you'll never learn to talk like a reasonable being. Is there anything so very miraculous in the fact that some old acquaintance of Mr. Darrell's has come down to Berkshire to see him, and that, having taken so much trouble, he scarcely cares to go back *without* seeing him?"

Laura Mason breathed a sigh of relief.

"You don't think, then, that Launcelot has done something dreadful, and that this man has come to arrest him?" she asked. "It seems so odd his coming here on a dark winter's night; and Launcelot looked angry when he saw the card the servant gave him. I'm sure it's something dreadful. Let's go into the drawing-room, Eleanor. We shall have to pass through the hall, and if there's anything wrong we can find out all about it."

Eleanor started as Laura addressed her, and rose suddenly, aroused by the necessity of having to attend to something that had been said to her, but scarcely knowing what that something was.

"Eleanor!" exclaimed her husband, "how pale you are, and how strangely you look at that door. One would think that you were influenced by Laura's absurd fears."

"Oh, no! I'm not frightened of anything; only—"

She paused, hesitating, and looking down in painful embarrassment.

"Only what?"

"I happened to see the person who has come to speak to Mr. Darrell, and—and—he has reminded me of a man I saw a long time ago."

Richard looked up quickly.

"But was there anything so very startling in the mere coincidence of a likeness?"

"Oh, no, nothing startling."

"Upon my word, Eleanor," continued Gilbert Monckton, impatiently, "we seem to live in an atmosphere of mystery, which, to my the least of it, is far from agreeable to those who are only housed with the post of lookers-on. There, there, go to the drawing-room with Laura. Mr. Thornton and I will follow you almost immediately. We shall have very little pleasure in sitting over our wine, with a consciousness that a kind of Gunpowder Plot is going on in the hall outside."

The lawyer filled his glass with claret, and pushed the crystal jug towards Richard; but he left the wine untasted before him, and he sat silently brooding over his suspicions with a bent brow and rigidly-compressed lips.

It was no use to struggle against his destiny, he thought. Life was to be always a dreary French novel, in which he was to play the husband and the victim. He had loved and trusted this girl. He had seen innocence and candor beaming in her face, and he had dared to believe in her; and from the very hour of her marriage a horrible transformation had taken place in this frank and fearless creature. A hundred changes of expression, all equally mysterious to him, had converted the face he loved into a wearisome and incomprehensible enigma, which it was the torment of his life to endeavor vainly and hopelessly to guess. Richard Thornton opened the door, and Eleanor gladly made her escape from the dining-room, holding Laura's hand in hers, and with the Signora following close behind her. The three women entered the hall in a group, and stood for a moment looking at Launcelot Darrell and the stranger.

Mr. Darrell stood near the open hall-door with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent in that sulky attitude which Eleanor had good reason to remember. The stranger, smoothing the wet nap of his hat with a careful hand, seemed to be talking in a tone of remonstrance, and, as it were, urging something upon his companion. This was only to be guessed by the expression of his face, as the voice in which he spoke was scarcely above a whisper.

The three ladies crossed the hall and went into the drawing-room. Eleanor had no need to confirm her sudden recognition of the Frenchman by any second scrutiny of his face. She sat down near the broad hearth, and began to think how this man's unlooked-for coming might affect the fulfillment of her purpose. Would he be likely to thwart her? or could he not, perhaps, be induced to help her?

"I must talk to Richard," she thought. "He knows the world better than I do. I am almost as much a child as Laura."

While Mrs. Monckton sat looking absently at the fire, and trying to imagine how the advent of the Frenchman might be made subservient to the scheme of her life, Miss Mason burst into a torrent of panegyric upon the stranger's appearance.

"He's such a good-natured-looking dear," she exclaimed, "with curly hair and a moustache just like the Emperor's; and the idea of my frightening myself so about him, and thinking he was a dreadful creature in a slouched hat, and with his coat collar turned up to hide his face, come to arrest Launcelot for some awful crime. I'm not a bit frightened now, and I hope Launcelot will bring him in to tea. The idea of his being a foreigner, too. I think foreigners are *so* interesting. Don't you, Nelly?"

Eleanor Monckton looked up at the sound of her name. She had not heard a word that Laura had said.

"What, dear?" she asked, listlessly.

"Don't you think foreigners interesting, Nelly?" repeated the young lady.

"Interesting? No."

"What; not Frenchmen?"

Mrs. Monckton gave a faint shiver.

"Frenchmen!" she said. "No, I don't like them, I— How do I know, Laura? baseness and treachery belong to no peculiar people, I suppose."

Mr. Monckton and the scene-painter came into the drawing-room at this moment, followed pretty closely by Launcelot Darrell.

"What have you done with your friend, Darrell?" Gilbert Monckton asked, with a look of surprise.

"Oh, he's gone," the young man answered indifferently.

"You've let him go, without asking him to rest, or take some refreshment?"

"Yes, I contrived to get rid of him."

"We don't usually 'contrive to get rid' of people when they come here on a wet winter night," said Mr. Monckton. "You'll give Tolldale Priory a name for inhospitality, I fear. Why didn't you ask your friend to stop?"

"Because I didn't care to introduce him to you," Launcelot Darrell answered coolly; "I never said he was a friend of mine. He's only an acquaintance, and a very intrusive acquaintance. He had no right to ferret out my whereabouts, and to come down here after me. A man doesn't want past associations forced upon him, however agreeable they may have been."

"And still less when those associations are disagreeable. I understand. But who is the man?"

"He's a Frenchman, a *commis voyageur*, or something of that kind; by no means a distinguished acquaintance. He's a good fellow, in his own particular fashion, and would go out of his way to do me a service, I dare say; but he's rather too fond of absinthe, or brandy, or any other spirit he can get hold of."

"You mean that he is a drunkard," said Mr. Monckton.

"I don't say that. But I know that the poor devil has had more than one attack of delirium tremens in the course of his life. He's over here in the interests of a patent mustard, I believe, lately invented by some great Parisian gastronomer."

"Indeed; and where did you make his acquaintance?"

The same crimson hue that had mounted to Mr. Darrell's forehead when the Frenchman's card was handed to him, dyed his face now, and he hesitated for a few moments before replying to Gilbert Monckton's straight question. But he recovered himself pretty quickly, and answered with his accustomed carelessness of manner:

"Where did I know him? Oh, in London, of course. He was an inhabitant of that refuge for the destitute of all nations, some years ago, while I was sowing my wild oats there."

"Before you went to India?"

"Yes, of course before I went to India."

Mr. Monckton looked sharply at the young man's face. There were moments when the lawyer's prudence, when the conscientious scruples of an honest man got the better of the husband's selfish fears; and in those moments Gilbert Monckton doubted whether he was doing his duty towards his ward in suffering her to marry Launcelot Darrell.

Was the young man worthy of the trust that was to be confided to him? Was he a fitting husband for an inexperienced and frivolous girl?

Mr. Monckton could only answer this question in one way. He could only satisfy his conscience by taking a cynical view of the matter.

"Launcelot Darrell is as good as other young men, I dare say," he argued. "He's good-looking, and conceited, and shallow, and idle; but the poor little girl has chosen to fall in love with him, and if I come between them, and forbid this marriage, and make the silly child unhappy by forcing my choice upon her, I may be quite as much mistaken as she, and after all marry her to a bad man. I may just as well let her draw her own number in the great lottery, and trust to Providence for its being a lucky one."

But to-night there was something in Launcelot Darrell's manner which aroused a vague suspicion in the breast of the lawyer.

"Then your friend, the *commis voyageur*, has gone back to Windsor, I suppose?" he said.

"No; I couldn't very well avoid giving him a shelter, as he chose to come, though he came uninvited. I sent him back to Hazlewood with a few lines addressed to my mother, who will do her best to make him comfortable, I dare say. Poor soul, she would scarcely refuse to shelter a stray dog, if the wandering cur were in any way attached to me."

"Yes, Mr. Darrell, you have reason to value your mother's affection," answered the lawyer, gravely. "But we must not forget that we've a good deal of business to transact to-night. Will you come with me into my study, as soon as you've finished that cup of tea?"

Launcelot Darrell bowed, and set down his tea-cup on the nearest table. Eleanor and Richard had both watched him closely since his coming into the drawing-room. It was easy to see that he had by no means recovered from the unpleasant surprise caused him by the Frenchman's visit. His careless manner was only assumed, and it was with evident difficulty that he responded to each new demand made upon his attention.

He followed Gilbert Monckton slowly and silently from the room, without having lingered to speak so much as a word to Laura, without having even made her happy by so much as a look.

"He might have spoken to me," the young lady murmured, disconsolately, as she watched her lover's retreating figure.

Two hours elapsed before the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room; two dreary hours for Laura, who sat yawning over a book, or playing with one of her dogs, which, by virtue of their high-breeding and good conduct, were constant occupants of the drawing-room at Tolldale. Richard Thornton and Mrs. Monckton played a game of chess, the strangest game, perhaps, that ever was played, for the moving backwards and forwards of the ivory pieces was a mere pretence, by means of which Eleanor contrived to take counsel with her faithful ally.

"Do you think this man's coming will help us, Dick?" she asked, when she had told her story of the recognition of the Frenchman.

Richard shook his head, not negatively, but reflectively.

"How can I tell?" he said; "the man may or may not be inclined to betray his friend. In any case it will be very difficult for us to get at him."

"Not for *us*, Richard," murmured Eleanor, persuasively.

"Not for me," echoed the young man. "Byron, motwithstanding, retain'd for the avenger! It was you and the blue bonnet that settled for the ship-broker and his clerks. Have you the blue bonnet still, Nell; or have you any other influences in the millinery line that you can bring to bear upon this traveller in mustard?"

"But if he should remember me?"

"That's scarcely likely. His face was impressed upon your mind by the awful circumstance that followed your meeting with him. You have changed very much since you were fifteen years of age, Mrs. Monckton. You were a feminine hobbledehoy then. Now you are—never mind what. A superb Nemesis in crinoline, bent on deeds of darkness and horror. No, I do not see any reason to fear this man's recognition of you."

The expression of Launcelot Darrell's face had subsided into a settled gloom when he reappeared in the drawing-room with Mr. Monckton.

The lawyer seated himself at a reading-table, and began to open the evening papers which were sent from Windsor to Tolldale. Launcelot strolled over to Laura Mason, and, sitting down beside her, amused himself by pulling the silky ears of the Skye terrier.

"Do tell me everything, Launcelot," said Miss Mason. "You don't know how much I've suffered all this evening. I hope the interview was a pleasant one?"

"Oh, yes, remarkably pleasant," answered the young man, with a sneer. "I shall not be exposed to the reproach of having made a mercenary marriage, Laura, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Launcelot?" cried the young lady, staring aghast at her lover. "You don't mean that my guardian's been deceiving me all this time, and that I'm a poor penniless creature after all, and that I ought to have been a companion, or a nursery governess, or something of that kind, as Eleanor was before her marriage. You don't mean that, Launcelot?"

"Not precisely," answered Mr. Darrell; "but I mean that the noble allowance of which your guardian has talked so much is to be two hundred a year; which, as we are so unfortunate as to possess the habits of a gentleman and a lady, will not go very far."

"But ain't I rich,—ain't I an heiress?" cried Miss Mason. "Haven't I what-you-may-call-'ems—expectations?"

"Oh, yes. I believe there is some vague promise of future wealth held out as a compensation for all present deprivations. But really, although your guardian took great pains to explain the dry business details to me, I was almost too tired to listen to him; and certainly too stupid to understand very clearly what he meant. I believe there is some money which you are to have by-and-by, upon the death of somebody. But as it seems that the somebody is a person in the prime of life, who has the power of altering his will at any moment that he may take it into his head to do so, I look upon that expectation as rather a remote contingency. No, Laura, we must look our position straight in the face. A life of hard work lies before me; a life of poverty before you."

Miss Mason made a wry face. Her mind had little power to realize anything but extremes. Her idea of poverty was something very horrible. An existence of beggary, with the chance of being called upon to do plain needlework for her daily bread, and with the workhouse at the end of the prospect.

"But I shall love you all the same, Launcelot," she whispered, "however poor we may be, and I'll wear dresses without any trimming, and imitation lace. I suppose *you* wouldn't know imitation lace from real Valenciennes, Launcelot, and it's so cheap. And I'll try and make pies and puddings, and I'll learn to be economical, and I've lots of jewelry that my guardian has given me, and we can sell that if you like. I'll work as hard as that poor woman in the poem, Launcelot, for your sake. 'Stitch, stitch, stitch, band and gusset, and seam.' I don't mind the seams, dear; *they'd* be easy if one didn't prick one's fingers and make knots in one's thread; but I'm afraid I shall never be able to manage the gussets. Only promise me that you'll love me still, Launcelot. Tell me that you don't hate me because I'm poor."

The young man took the soft little hand that was laid with an imploring gesture on his wrist, and pressed it tenderly.

"I should be a brute if I wasn't grateful for your love, Laura," he said. "I didn't wish *you* to be a rich woman. I'm not the sort of fellow who could contentedly accept a degraded position, and sponge upon a wife's fortune. I only wanted—I only wanted *my own*," he muttered with a savage accent; "I'm set upon and hemmed in on every side, and I've a hundred mortifications and miseries to bear for want of money. But I'll try and make you a good husband, my dear."

"You will, Launcelot," cried the girl, melted by some touch of real earnestness in her lover's tone that was new and welcome to her. "How good it is of you to say that. But how should you be otherwise than good; and you will be a great painter, and all the world will admire you and talk about you, and we shall be so happy,—don't we, Launcelot?—wandering through Italy together."

The young man answered her with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, Laura," he said, "the sooner we get to Italy the better. Heaven knows, I've no particular interest that need keep me in England, now."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. MONCKTON BRINGS GLOOMY TIDINGS FROM WOODLANDS.

For some few days after the Frenchman's arrival, Launcelot Darrell stopped away from the Priory, much to the regret of his betrothed, whose delight in her dreamwas not sufficient to fill the blank made by her lover's absence. Miss Mason roamed disconsolately about the house, looking out at the bare trees, and the desolate garden walks, and quoted Tennyson until she became obnoxious to her fellow-creatures by reason of her regret that he did not come, and her anxiety that the day should be done, and other lamentations to the same effect.

She was out of doors sometimes under the bleak February sky, with a cambric handkerchief over her head, as a sensible protection from the bitter atmosphere, and her light ringlets flying in the wind, to stand at a little doorway in the high garden wall, and watch for her lover's coming by a narrow pathway through the wood, which it was his wont to make a short cut for himself in dry weather.

She was standing in this narrow doorway upon the afternoon of the 22nd of February, only twenty-one days before that eventful morning which was to make her Launcelot Darrell's wife—with Eleanor Monckton by her side. The short winter's day was closing in, there, at least in the low woodland, whatever light might linger on the hill-tops above Tolldale. The two women were silent; Eleanor was in very low spirits, for on this day she had lost her friend and counsellor, Richard Thornton, who had had no alternative but to leave Tolldale, or to forfeit a very remunerative and advantageous engagement at one of the Edinburgh theatres, whither he had been summoned to paint the scenery for a grand Easter burlesque, about to be produced with unusual splendor, by a speculative Scottish manager; and who had therefore, departed, taking his aunt with him. George Vane's daughter felt terribly helpless in the absence of this faithful ally. Richard had promised to attend to her summons, and to return to Tolldale at any hour, if she should have need of his services, but he was separated from her by a long distance, and how could she tell when the moment of that need might come. She was alone, among people who had no sympathy with the purpose of her life, and she bitterly felt the desolation of her position.

It was no very great wonder, then, if she was thoughtful and silent, and by no means the joyous, light-hearted companion whom Laura Mason had loved and clung to at Hazlewood, before the coming of Launcelot Darrell. This young lady watched her now, furtively, almost fearfully, wondering at the change in her, and speculating as to the cause of it.

"She *must* have been in love with Launcelot," Laura thought; "how could she help being in love with him? And she married my guardian because he's rich, and now she's sorry for having done so. And she's unhappy because I'm going to be married to Launcelot. And, oh! suppose Launcelot should still be in love with her; like the hero of a dreadful French novel!"

The dusky shadows were gathering thickly in the wood, when two figures emerged from the narrow pathway. A tall, slenderly built young man, who switched the low brushwood and the fern with his light cane as he walked along, and a puffy little individual with a curly brimmed hat, who trotted briskly by his side.

Laura was not slow to recognize her lover even in that dusky light, and Eleanor knew that the young man's companion was the French commercial traveller.

Mr. Darrell introduced his friend to the two ladies.

"Monsieur Victor Bourdon, Mrs. Monckton, Miss Mason," he muttered hastily; "I daresay you have thought me very neglectful, Laura," he added; "but I have been driving Monsieur Bourdon about the neighborhood for the last day or two. He's a stranger in this part of the country, though he's almost as much an Englishman as I am."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed as he acknowledged the compliment with an air that was evidently intended to be fascinating.

"Y-a s-s-," he said, "we have been to Vindsor. It is very naice."

Launcelot Darrell frowned, and looked angrily at his companion.

"Yes, Bourdon wanted to have a look at the state apartments," he said; "he wanted to compare them with those interminable galleries at Versailles, I suppose, to the disparagement of our national glory."

"But the apartments are closed," said Eleanor.

"Oh! of course," answered Mr. Darrell, looking at her rather suspiciously, "they always are closed when you happen to want to see them. Just the sympathies of this world of mountebanks and pantaloons!"

"He has taken his defeat to Windsor," Eleanor thought; "had this visit not reference to his last visit? Did he go there to see Mr. Lawford's clerk?"

She was helpless without Richard, and could not answer the question.

"I'll write to him—to-night," she thought, "and ask him to come back to me directly."

But in the next moment she was ashamed of herself for her selfishness. She might sacrifice her own life to her scheme of vengeance. The voice of her father crying to her from his unconsecrated grave, seemed forever urging her to do that; but she had no right to call upon others to make the same sacrifice.

"No," she thought, "wherever the need I have chosen may lead me, however difficult the path may be to follow, I will henceforward tread it alone. Poor Dick! I have tormented him long enough with my sorrows and my helplessness."

"You're come to dine, of course, Launcelot," Miss Mason said, while Eleanor stood motionless and silent in the doorway, absorbed in these thoughts, and looking like some pale statue in the dusk; "and you've brought your friend, Monsieur—Monsieur Bourdon to dine—"

"Ah, but no, mademoiselle," exclaimed the Frenchman, in a transport of humility, "I am not one of yours. Monsieur Darrell is so good as to call me his friend, but—"

The Frenchman murmured something of a deprecatory nature, to the effect that he was only a humble commercial traveller in the interests of a patent article that was very much appreciated by all the crowned heads of Europe, and one which would doubtless, by the aid of his exertions and those of his compatriots, become, before long, a cosmopolitan necessity, and the source of a colossal fortune.

Eleanor shuddered and shrank away from the man with a gesture almost expressive of disgust, as he turned to her in his volubly deprecation of himself and glorification of the merchandise which it was his duty to praise.

She remembered that it was this man, this loquacious vulgarian, who had been Launcelot Darrell's tool on the night of her father's death. This was the wretch who had stood behind George Vane's chair, and watched the old man's play, and telegraphed to his accomplice.

If she could have forgotten Launcelot Darrell's treachery, this presence would have been enough to remind her of that pitiless baseness, to inspire her with a tenfold disgust for that hideous cruelty. It seemed as if the Frenchman's coming had been designed by Providence to urge her to new energy, new determination.

"The man who could make this creature his accomplice in a plot against my father shall never inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune," she thought; "he shall never marry my husband's ward."

She linked her arm in Laura's as she thought this; as if by that simple and involuntary action she would have shielded her from Launcelot Darrell.

In the next moment a footstep—the first tread of a man—sounded on the crisp gravel of the garden walk behind the two girls, and presently Gilbert Monckton laid his hand lightly upon his wife's shoulder.

She was startled by his unexpected coming, and turning suddenly round, looked at him with a scared face; which was a new evidence against her in his troubled mind, a new testimony that she was keeping some secret from him.

He had left Tolldale Priory early that morning to give a day's attention to that business of which he had been lately so neglectful, and had returned a couple of hours before his usual time for coming home.

"What brings you out into the garden this bitter afternoon, Eleanor?" he said, sternly; "you'll catch cold in that thin shawl; and you, too, Laura; I should have thought a seat by the drawing-room fire far more comfortable than this dreary garden. Good evening, gentlemen; you had better bring your friend into the house, Mr. Darrell."

The young man muttered something of an apologetic nature, and Monsieur Victor Bourdon acknowledged the lawyer's cold salutation with an infinite number of bows and smirks.

"You have come home by an earlier train than usual, Gilbert," Mrs. Monckton said, by way of saying something that might break the silence which had followed her husband's coming; "we did not expect you until seven."

"I came to Windsor by the three o'clock express," answered Mr. Monckton. "I have not come straight home. I stopped at Woodlands to inquire after the invalid."

Eleanor looked up with a new and eager expression in her face.

"And Mr. de Crespigny—he is better, I hope."

"No, Eleanor, I fear that you will never see him again. The doctors scarcely hope that he will last out the week."

The girl set her lips firmly, and raised her head with a resolute gesture—a mute expression of determination and defiance.

"I will see him again," she thought; "I will not trust my hope of vengeance to a chance. He may have altered his will, perhaps. He may have destroyed it. Come

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what may, I will stand beside his last bed. I will tell him who I am, and call upon him, in my dead father's name, to do an act of justice."

Lamentot Darrell stood with his head bent and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

As it was the habit of Eleanor to lift her forehead with something of the air of a young war-horse who scents the breath of the battle-field afar, so it was this young man's manner to look moodily earthward under the influence of any violent agitation.

"So," he said, slowly, "the old man is dying?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton; "your great-uncle is dying. You may be master of Woodlands, Lamentot, before many days pass."

The young man drew a long breath.

"Yes," he muttered; "I may: I may."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELF-EXAMINATION.

When thou hast spent the long'ring day
In pleasure and delight;
Or, after toil and weary way,
Dost seek to rest at night;
Unto thy pains and pleasures past
Add this one labor yet,
Ere sleep close up thine eyes too fast,
Do not thy God forget;

But search within thy secret thought
What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find smiles in aught,
To God for mercy call.
Yea, though thou find there's nought smiles
Which thou canst call to mind,
Yet evermore remember this,
There is the more behind:

And think, how well soe'er it be
That thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee,
So to direct thy way.
Thus if thou try thy daily deeds,
And pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,
And thine shall be the gain.

THE QUAKER LOVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SOPHIE MAY.

I remember right well the first time I ever saw Job Dean. It was on a first day in third month, when the roads were at their worst, and travelling hardly possible, except for beings that wear wings. The wind blew too as if the people in the world were all deaf and must be made to hear. And that day at meeting I saw Job Dean on the men's side, close to friend Swan; but I scarcely looked at him, for shivering without a fire, I had all I could do to keep myself "in the spirit on the Lord's day."

But when we went home, driven before the wind, I sinking in a mud-hole, heard a voice from a snow-drift on my left, saying:

"Rachel, this is our friend Job Dean thee has heard me speak of. Friend Dean, let me make thee acquainted with my daughter Rachel."

So I gave friend Dean my hand across a dividing line of water, ice and snow. I smile now as I think how an adverse wind sent Job Dean to me, and how there lay between us a sullen patch of water, ice and snow.

I looked at him and saw first his drab suit, which fitted well his personable figure, and next his serene blue eyes, the soul's windows, clear as crystal for him who gazed out, but opaque as prisms for him who would look in. I had seen the like of them before, eyes which baffle curiosity, which see all from an ambush, "deep, unutterable," mute eyes. They may wear a smile which you think means joy or complaisance, till you find it means nothing, that it is worn all the same over a happy or a bleeding heart, and gives no more hint of the hidden depths than a flower whose roots strike deep into a grave while its blossoms flaunt in the sunlight.

I cannot talk to such eyes. I could not say much to friend Job, though there was something in his stiff, quiet ways which pleased me, and though a certain expression in my father's face bade me try my best to be social. Father was always a little stern. When his hand lay on my head even with an unspoken blessing, I always felt it like the weight of the Old and New Testaments, which contain the law as well as the gospels. He had said to me at two different times, Rachel, when Job Dean goes through the gate he will make it in his way to call on us, and I shall want thee to treat him the best thee knows how."

It needed only these words and the steady gaze of my father's eye to warn me that friend Dean must be entertained like a stranger who may turn out to be an angel. But words would not come. I only said:

"I've often heard of thee, friend Dean, and now I'm glad to see thee."

And he answered, "I have also heard frequent mention of thee, friend Rachel. It gives me pleasure to meet thee." So we reached home entire strangers, and there still lay between us the patch of snow and ice. On opening the door we met Dr. Ehrmann just descending the front stairs.

"Only a nervous attack," said he in answer to my father's inquiries. "Lydia came for me in a fright. Some one had been so

"Wondering," added he, nodding at me with a smile, "as to tell her dear mother, poor old lady."

"Why don't thee tend me," cried I, "acold me severely; thee knows well I deserve it!"

He opened his lips to say something kind, I suppose, the good doctor, when father persuaded him to this angel unawares, Job Dean. I saw him take the stranger into the dissecting room of his brain. I knew he was studying him with a quick eye; but friend Job courteously extended his hand, and whether he perceived that he was being measured, body and soul, was more than I could tell.

Then they all entered the parlor, and I rushed up-stairs to my great-aunt. She was sleeping at last, poor soul. Between real and fancied ailments, she kept our family physician busy. From the time that my conscience was first old enough to prick me at all, I had been penitent every day of my life for some thoughtless offence against the dear, nervous old lady, my mother's sister. She was not a "Friend." My father married "out of the meeting." They say my mother was a bright, quick spirit, always on wings, while my father trod the solid ground, a man of well-persuaded mind. She died before I can remember. I was educated at an excellent "drab-colored boarding-school," where bread and butter misses were actually allowed plenty of bread and butter. Now I had come home to live. I had caught from my teachers, and from long association with the friends of our society, a staidness of deportment which gave general satisfaction. Sometimes my father said he almost believed I had an equable temperament after all. Equable! So is a thermometer! So is a little bay, or sea water swayed by the moon!

The truth is, we women learn how to fold ourselves about in layers of decorum. I was encased in a net-work of maxims and rules of propriety, and there I stayed, locked in, unless now and then some rare soul like childlike Aunt Filura or good Dr. Ehrmann, knew how to touch the secret spring, when out I must come, whether I would or not, and be my own wild, impulsive self. Whether friend Job would ever see me otherwise than a prim Quaker damsel, depended entirely on the natural magnetism of his nature. What presentiment had I on that subject? Ah, friend, thee needn't ask too close questions. A maiden may have intuitions, but even when one tries to tell a true story, don't thee think there are some things one might as well keep back?

I went down to see about dinner, and the first person I met was our guest, Job Dean. My father was leading him about, exhibiting to him the excellent pump, clothes-wringer and cheese press. Whether friend Job was interested or annoyed, no mortal could tell. He stiffly pushed back the auburn hair from his forehead, and listened to all my father had to say with the same "heart-hiding smile."

I felt as I couldn't breathe with a stranger in the kitchen!

"It's a fine day," said I foolishly.

Friend Job folded his arms together in a hard knot and looked in my face, first at one eye and then at the other:

"I can't entirely agree with thee," said he, dryly.

I fancied there was a twinkle of fun in his eye.

"I beg thy pardon. It's a miserable day! But don't thee feel comforted to think how this sloppy, watery snow is 'turning the sod to violets?'"

"What did thee observe?"

A twinkle in his eye indeed! It must have been just a twitching of the lids! I was in despair. If people can't talk of the weather, pray what can they talk about?

"Thee sees our northern country only in outline: it isn't beautiful yet. Thee hasn't any idea how much lovelier it is in summer."

"The season is backward," replied Job, and that was all he said. I think silence conceals one's thoughts even better than words, in spite of the philosophers. Let a man put on a look of calm superiority and keep it on, it will avail him more than "nine measures of talk."

I got them into the parlor. The doctor sat reading.

"Don't worry, Rachel," said he in a low voice; how did he know I was worried? "We will find something to say."

"Thee can do a great many things, friend Charles," said I, "but I'm afraid thee'll find this a little beyond thy powers."

I flew about getting dinner. The fire was out and so was "Liddy," the housekeeper, she always goes home on First-day. I tipped the cream-pitcher over my silk dress, scorched the beans, set the carving-knife beside them on the table, and left off the spoons, castors and plates. Still it was late before dinner was ready. I was afraid the doctor would not wait.

"I am glad thee stayed," said I, when I went to call them; "I think thee is very thoughtful, my friend." He was near the door, and no one could hear me but him. He looked up with a roguish smile.

"Rachel, don't keep always thanking me so much! I believe you think I'm old and saintly, and when I serve you I do it for penance, and not for my own pleasure."

When we seated ourselves at table, I was sure something was wrong, and I am afraid when we folded our hands to ask a silent blessing, my heart did not rise in gratitude, for I smelled the scorched beans. Every time I left my chair to bring some forgotten article my father exclaimed, "Why, Rachel," in a tone which set my cheeks to tingling. Thee will understand it, fair reader. Never before had my father brought a young man to the house with the earnest injunction, "Rachel, I want thee to treat him the best thee knows how." Never had I seen him more attentive to a guest; and here was I, his only daughter, giving but a shallow hospitality, feeding this distinguished stranger almost on husks, and blundering every time I addressed him.

I don't know whether Job Dean ever looked my woful deficiencies as hostess, for though exceedingly well-mannered, he was not much given to polite society-lies. And then Dr. Ehrmann talked like a magpie, calling every one's attention from me to himself. I don't know how many dishes of sentiment and science he had dipped into before welcome to dessert, and by that time, thanks to his kindness, my cheeks were comfortably cool.

"Well, what does thee think of friend Dean?" inquired my father with considerable earnestness the first time he saw me alone.

"I think he is nicer than a pin," said I with unwonted flippancy. "Why I shouldn't wonder if he mowed his front-yard with a pair of scissors, and looked through a microscope when he brushed his coat! How old is he?"

"He is of age," returned my father, severely. "My daughter, thee is too quick with thy tongue. I meant to ask how thee likes him?"

"Like him, father? Why, as well as I like anybody who makes me feel like a dunce. Don't thee think he has pre-eminently the gift of silence?"

"He is a young man that is rather put to it for talk, Rachel; but it would be well for prattling girls to remember that 'the fool has his heart on his tongue, and the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart.'"

I don't know which was most surprised that evening, father or I, when Job opened his mouth and spoke for a quarter of an hour without stopping. His words were well chosen, and smoothly uttered. It did me good to see how pleased father was, looking out at me from under his eyebrows to make sure I heard it all. It was about the "Inward Teacher," and "the meek and quiet spirit" and similar themes, very sweet and solemn. The sentences dripped one after another from his lips like the fragrant honey of Hymettus; but the monotony somehow reminded me more of a row of heavy sugar-plums all of a size and strung on a thread. I was in awe of so much sanctity; we had surely been entertaining an angel unawares.

"I did not know before that thee was a speaker, Job," said my father, shaking the young man's hand at the conclusion of the discourse.

"It is a gift of the Spirit," said Job, meekly, and as he was not moved to say further remarks there fell a silence upon us all.

I saw how it was; Job had nothing to say unless he harangued; no crackers, squibs, torpedoes, and small shot, nothing but solid bullets, which are hardly convenient for common use. We held little conversation with him, but as time passed on the number of sermons we heard was truly edifying. Somehow his opinions never clashed with father's or mine. Either he and we were congenial spirits, or Job had a large share of tact. Now I am a patriot, I trust, and so is father. There's not a drop of blood in our hearts that doesn't throb like a drum when our country is mentioned. Job said he was "glad we felt to uphold the war even though the 'Friends' in general might censure us. He had fully decided to enlist at the next call. We were always commanded to 'resist unto blood striving against sin.'" I declare my heart was aglow with enthusiasm to hear him speak so warmly. His daily walk and conversation might be unmitigated prose, yet these chance utterances revealed the soul on fire, and I almost believed him a poet sometimes, faintly reminding me of our own Whittier. Father, seeing other phases of his character, thought he had a decided business turn. But poet or man of the world, whichever he might be, we did not become acquainted; I think it was his eyes which held me under a spell.

"Aunt Filura," said I, at the end of three weeks, "What does this mean? I thought this man was thrown up North here almost by accident. They say that 'whatever goes up must come down again,' but I see no signs of his gravitating an inch. Not a word yet about going home."

Aunt Filura smiled meaningly.

"What an innocent dove you are," said she. "When I was young, girls didn't put on such artless airs and pretend ignorance, seems to me."

"What can thee mean, dear auntie," thee don't say—"

"I say nothing," replied Aunt Filura, "you mustn't look so wild, dear, for it sets my heart to beating."

"He, that man, Job Dean, isn't thinking of me for a—wife!"

Aunt Filura said nothing for the space of a minute, while I heard the heavy throbbing of somebody's heart—not hers.

"I'm a silly old lady, dear, and you mustn't think too much of my words. Nobody ever hinted no such thing to me—and if you spread tell your father what I have said, I shall take it hard, Rachel!"

"Why, auntie," said I, soothingly, "thee hasn't said a word. Father is so solemn, always thinking of eternity; it never came into his head that I should marry. He doesn't believe in love. I've heard him say the Bible doesn't encourage romantic notions."

"Well, I don't know what you call love," said Aunt Filura, with unusual energy, "I've always took it he loved your poor mother better than his own soul, for he performed himself to get her!"

I sprang from my chair in horror.

"You'll scare me out of my wits, Rachel. You keep me a-talking, and I say things that hadn't ought to be said! I didn't mean so bad as perjury; but there was a slick little Quakeress he'd ought to have married, if he hadn't broke his engagement, and when he did, the Quakeress broke her heart to offset. Not to say she died on the spot, you know. It ain't saying either that she didn't marry somebody else, but her heart wasn't in it. She was the Job's mother; her husband was a Dean."

"Why, Aunt Filura, does thee know this to be a fact?"

"Taint likely, dear, I'd sit here and make up stories! Don't you never let on to your father about it. He's been a suffering man, and your poor mother, too. I've always calculated to tell you the story when you was old enough; but I shouldn't have said a word for a year or two yet, if you hadn't fairly scared it out of me. It's no more'n just for you to know that a good deal of money has gone for Job's schooling. Not but that your father's in the right to make up for his errors; don't you say so, dear? You see Job's father has a second wife, and quite a family; and he's said to be a shiftyminded man without any great of a faculty. But Job is quite a likely fellow, and bids fair to do well, I should think!"

There was an upward slide in Aunt Filura's tone, inviting an answer. I had none to make. I was thinking of Abraham and Isaac. When the Lord told Abraham to offer up his little son—did he flinch? If my father should fancy that his daughter was asked in sacrifice, was he a man to hesitate?

I couldn't well be blind after this, and I confess I did see, day after day, stronger proofs that in Job's heart or mind at any rate, the tide was setting in strongly toward a declaration.

But when it came at last I was surprised, flattered, too, perhaps by his eagerness, though with such a tumult of feelings surging at my heart that I could not tell which was uppermost. I wanted time to think.

"I will wait on thee with patience," said Job. "Thee must commune with thine own heart and the Spirit. But Rachel, believe that I love thee beyond my power of telling, and have had thy father's sanction from the first. I would serve for thee as long as Jacob did for thy namesake, but I shall never love another woman, thee may mark my words, Rachel."

For Job Dean to say all this, and ten times more, was as great a marvel as if a stone had cried out. There was a faint far-off echo away down in my heart; had its chords been touched by their master?

I remember how I gazed in the glass that afternoon. Had Job ever noticed that my eyes were as blue and bright as forget-me-nots? But no, he would only have cautioned me to turn them away from beholding vanities, for Job was a saintly man, unmoved by beauty. How the massive black hair rippled down my neck when I drew out the comb! "Good-natured hair," the Irish call it, laughing like a quick brook ruffled by breezes. Why shouldn't it curl? It wanted to. I caught these wilful tresses of my mother. If she had lived, would they have been tortured into straight lines? Should I have married "in the meeting?" It was good to be a Quaker, but weren't there people who loved God, yet didn't wear drab? I wondered who lived in the great world. Its poets I had read in books, its young men I scarcely knew. There was Dr. Ehrmann, the best person in existence, but not a young man, thirty-five at least. Weren't there other people one might meet in all one's life except preaching friends and old bachelors?

Patience Allen stayed with us to tea that evening. She seemed fairer than ever with her dainty, pretty ways, not awed or stiffened by my unsocial friend Job, not she! She could act herself before him, while I continually felt like a pine tree trying to personate a grape-vine, ill at ease and afraid of his vigilant eyes.

Job watched Patience with pleasure; she provoked him into broad smiles.

"These are the women that men admire," thought I, "and verily I cannot wonder." Why shouldn't Job have fancied her rather than me? They happened to be tracing maps together, and now and then there came a little peal of laughter from the rosy lips of Patience, which Job always echoed faintly, but if he had been tingling with merriment to the ends of his fingers, he couldn't have laughed heartily—it wasn't in him.

By-and-by Dr. Ehrmann came to walk home with Patience. He talked to me with great perseverance, but he must have known I didn't attend. I was thinking, "How would it have been if Job had known her first?" But now there was no other way possible for him but to go on loving me to the end of his days, whether I accepted him or not. Nobody must smile at this: it was a grave thought, I was in my teens then. I looked at my father and saw that he was watching Job like a shrewd man who thinks to read character in faces. I wanted to go up to him and say,

"Father, what is this that thee mentions? my marriage with Job, or my cancelling of his mother's old debt against thee?"

Dr. Ehrmann was talking of the war, I suppose, for I caught the word "guerillas." Presently he looked straight into my eyes, and said in his inexpressibly kind way:

"May I ask what troubles you, Rachel? I have been talking to the air, now I will turn and address you."

"Why, friend Charles, thee is the strangest man, always reading my face like an open book!"

"Only the chapters and headings, Rachel, if you are willing to let me know more you must kindly interpret. Thee little knows how gladly I would help thee out of thy perplexity," added he, sliding into the "plain language," as he did sometimes when we were conversing together on topics of personal and peculiar interest.

"Thank thee, Charles! I have gone to thee many a time when my heart was sad, and thee has always said or done something to comfort me, but this I must keep to myself. It isn't telltale, that is, there is nothing to tell. I'm not worried, and if I am, thee needn't notice it."

Friend Charles smiled a little at first, as well he might, at such a bungling speech. But in a minute he was very serious, and I fancied by the curious glances he cast at Job that he more than suspected why I was troubled.

"My dear child," said he, "I will be blind and deaf if it is necessary, but—"

Here charming, airy little Patience began to flutter hither and thither like a butterfly. Either she thought I was claiming more than my share of Dr. Ehrmann's notice, or she was tired of entertaining monosyllable Job: at all events home she must go, and that too immediately. I was vexed with the airy little slip of a coquette, for somehow I wanted to continue my conversation with the doctor. I had no idea of betraying Job's confidence, yet since Charles knew I was perplexed he would be sure to say something I should like to hear and think of, even though it were only vague and could not apply to this case in particular. There are some people whose very presence is soothing, whose mere glance is more to you than common place words. For such a gift of shedding sunshine I would sacrifice years of my life. But now all Charles found time to say was,

"Rachel, I must see thee again and have a long conversation; there is a story I have been waiting to tell thee. But meanwhile, my friend, let me say one thing, don't let any one influence thee against the promptings of thy own heart. Thee will forgive such an old acquaintance. Be true to thyself, oh, Rachel, be true to thyself!"

And why wasn't I? Father didn't urge me, that is, not in so many words, and Job didn't hurry me. But I wanted to end the suspense. I felt driven by the storms of fate directly toward the calm haven of Job's love. He seemed to hold me so unspeakably dear; it was such a delightful novelty to be worshipped; and then I know father's wishes weighed with me more than all. He didn't urge me much, only because he thought there was no need of it, he took my acquiescence for granted.

Well, I felt as if it was to be and must be. I accepted Job. I thought he would be considerably elated, to say the least, and had pictured to myself a flattering show of enthusiasm. Not a bit of it; it was quite what he had expected, and he was simply content.

Father took me into the parlor and talked with me a long while. I sobbed like a child, and leaned against the mantel for support. I felt been struggling with so many contending feelings, that now it was all over, my fortitude gave way.

"Why, Rachel," said my father, with unusual tenderness, "I hope thee hasn't any doubts in thy mind?"

"Oh, father, it's too late to think of doubts; my word is passed! No, no, I don't repent; it's all for the best."

"God bless thee, my daughter!" said he, laying his hand on my head. "Thee has been sometimes a wayward child, and hard to bring under control, but now thee is all a father can ask. I feared thee wouldn't take a natural fancy to friend Job, he is grave beyond his years; but I am glad thee has so much good sense. There is nothing thee could have done to please me so well, Rachel."

As if I hadn't known that all along! Then followed long talks between father and Job about my dowry, quite a fortune, which had been gaining interest for years. Job was to be a merchant, and this was the capital with which my father was to set him up in business. He seemed to have an adventurous spirit, and while yet in college had entered into various speculations. I haven't any head for such matters, and always left the room when the conversation turned to stocks in trade, only too glad of an excuse to steal away. I had never enjoyed solitude so well. Now that Job had more than the right of a guest to expect my attention, I found it more irksome than ever to entertain him. Sometimes we sat in the parlor together for a half hour without speaking. Whenever I opened my head his eyes followed me, if I was looking or sewing he watched the color of my fingers. There was only one theme on which we met on congenial ground; and that he was roused to speak of the sea, and only in his impressive way. "Dear as thee is, Rachel, our country is dearer, am dearer, and I feel a divided heart!" Then I expressed proud of him, and shook hands over the matter. "Thee shall go when thee will, but then I never find me standing in the way of duty. One day we had a ride to Niagara Falls, Glen and a picnic. It was then that our engagement became known. Father thought we should have publishers in a few days, but I grew of telling. The secret was a pleasant one, and one of our party, Patience Allen, was sure to be of course. Her presence was a relief to me, I fancied. She couldn't have been more kind to me, and I felt as much grateful, but I was glad to see her, just as I felt glad to see a ray of sunshine, my favorite flower, or hear open and shut for no one else.

"I do not wonder Patience Allen captivates you," thought I, "she is really lovely, much older than usual; he likes her youthful gayety, which turns her wrinkles of care into ripples of laughter." What was all this to me that I should go to criticising little Patience so severely? Here were only surface charms; there was no sensible man who would fancy such a woman for his wife. Yet why not? Marriages are mysterious providences, for instance, who could have foreseen mine two months ago?

I supposed I was as happy and fortunate as people in general, but to-day I made a discovery: Job was naturally jealous. It happened after this wise: While we were sauntering about before supper I chanced to fall in with friend Charles, and suggested that now was a good time for the long story, he had promised me. He tried to turn off the subject with a laugh, almost as if he had forgotten his own words, but I saw that his gayety was forced.

"The story may go till thee is ready to tell it; but Charles, I have my little gift at reading faces, and I know thee finds sad to-day: does the war news trouble thee?"

"Yes, Rachel, it takes into my heart along with many other things. But, my friend, since you like straightforward questions so well, allow me to ask you one. You remember our conversation the other evening. Have you been true to yourself, Rachel, and are you happy?"

It was a home thrust; it knocked at my heart for a reply; but I was too proud to hesitate.

"Yes, Charles, can thee doubt it?"

"Sincerely happy," he went on, looking into the blue distance; "so happy that you find nothing to desire! Then I am glad, Rachel, heartily glad. Allow me to congratulate you, my friend," continued he, stooping to uproot a handful of grass and throw it away. "Forgive me that a moment ago I seemed to question your truth. If your conduct has surprised me, I am not the first man who has mistaken a woman's feelings. You are not the girl to wrong your own conscience. I wish you joy!"

If he had turned and looked into my face, he might not have said exactly those words; for never had I been less sure of anything in my life than I was just then of my love for Job Dean.

We had unconsciously strayed off from our party, and it was Job's appearance on our return which warned me of his displeasure. While we were riding home he told me with some show of authority that it became me as his betrothed wife, to be a little more dignified, a little less trifling in my manners. The words were gentle enough, but I felt as if a chain before invisible, and even unsuspected, had suddenly been twitched.

"Job Dean," said I quickly, "don't thee provoke me, for I haven't the temper of a saint, and I won't be controlled! While I was walking with Dr. Ehrmann wasn't thee talking with Patience Swan, I'd like to know? If thee isn't willing I should speak a word to an old friend, thee'll suffer a great deal in the course of thy life!"

He was subdued in a minute. Job hadn't any spirit, I was beginning to see that. He might make a parade of authority, but I had superior strength of will, and I knew it. After this he tried to soothe me with tender words, but I couldn't bear it, it irritated me. Every affectionate thing he said repelled and chilled me.

A fortnight dragged its slow length along. I was growing more and more wretched every day of my life, though nobody noticed it but auntie. When I was sad father had always considered me "equable," and as for Job, if I smiled three or four times a day it was well enough: with all his watchful observation, he was not in the least penetrating.

He and father still held long conversations about business, though I fancied I could perceive a change in father; he appeared to have less admiration for Job's business talents, perhaps because it turned out upon investigation that all his speculations had been failures. At any rate father never said to me now,

"Rachel, if thy future husband doesn't make his mark in the world I'm very much mistaken."

Job was going back to Ohio to enlist with the young men of his own town: why didn't he start? When he did go at last, I felt it like treason, the sweet relief which came

[illegible] never return, for then the terrible misunderstanding of to-day between him and I would not [illegible], only smile! Then was not the way to awaken charity one with the other instead.

"Job always was with those girls," said Aunt Pilura, meaningly, "when you are married all will be different."

Let no woman want to seek prophetry. I write this story in a evening.

Friend Charles had lately grown so estranged that he scarcely ever called, and when we met there was a barrier between us which neither he nor I could overcome. This change in my best friend stilled the last drop in my cup of blessings I thought. He had been so much to me, so much more than I had dreamed!

He came one evening. I crushed a letter down Job moved into my pocket. He had called to say good-bye; he was going into the army as surgeon. I tried to force myself into a station, for I had already begun to suspect the true state of my heart. That ring of Job's! If it had been changed to a millstone and hung about my neck, I couldn't have felt better prepared to be cast into the sea! Words I had no right to speak were on my tongue; emotions I had no right to feel were throbbing at my heart; tears which would not have started if Job had been dying, gushed up and choked me while the doctor held my hand to say good-bye. When people are drowning, it is said their whole past lives rise distinctly before them. I had some such consciousness now as I stood with my hand locked fast in that of my friend for a last farewell. The long, happy years I had known him come thronging back like blessed dreams; the sweet, calm pleasure of reading books together, the interchange of spoken thoughts; walks by the river; evenings by the fireside. Never should I live such days again. No one would be so kind and patient with me, hearing and relieving my little troubles with such an exquisite sympathy. Oh, it was terrible that he was going! I could not but look at him, yet his gaze as it met mine was drawing my heart away from my control.

"Hasn't thee one word for me?" said he, sadly. "Such a patriot as thou art, Rachel! Only say 'God-speed,' my friend!"

His voice trembled over the words. My lips moved once, twice; did he think I could speak? I placed my other hand in his to let it answer for me.

"Don't, Rachel, don't," said he, as if my touch hurt him.

I tore my hands from his and rushed away like a whirlwind; that was our parting.

I don't know how the days passed, but we called it summer, though to me it was as Jean Paul says, "No summer, only a winter painted green." They said I was learning housekeeping under the care of Aunt Pilura and "Liddy." There were sundry heavy jokes about bread I made which had no aspiration, and was said to imitate soldier's "hard-tack," suggesting my brain of thought; little sly allusions to my future home with a Quaker husband, short but fervent letters from Job always dated Ohio. But more vividly I remember the wild questions which crowded my heart. Why had an adverse wind sent Job Dean to me? Without his shadow between us might friend Charles and I have understood each other better? There is a hope which is more bitter than despair, there is a despair whose deepest dregs are more precious than hope. Dr. Ehrmann was engaged to Patience, so the village said, and so I had every reason to believe. It was no affair of mine, but ah me, who could say what might have been if only Job Dean had never come, that hard-wood man, for whose sake I had "forged a lifelong trouble" for myself?

I heard of Dr. Ehrmann from many sources, always as of one who loved his fellow men beyond his own ease or health or safety. Even the thoughtless Patience spoke of him with glistening eyes. Every one had a lament to make over the good doctor. I alone was silent. Letters continued to come bearing the Ohio postmark. Job's company had been detained by illness. He was speculating in divers things, sent messengers to my father. I read with curling lip. Conscience might sting me for it, but even his hand-writing moved me to a feeling akin to anger.

I was working for the soldiers that summer with the energy which sometimes accompanies a restless state of mind. One night walking home with a bundle of sewing, whom should I meet in my very path but Job Dean?

"Did thee drop out of the clouds?" cried I, without much welcome in my voice, I fear. So glad as he was to meet me again! My heart smote me.

"When did his company mean to start?"

"They have been gone a week, Rachel," said he, drawing my hand under his arm, "and I'll be the last to blame me, I hadn't the courage to leave thee! Ever since I went away I've been longing for a peep at thy face. Rachel, it's of no use! I can't live without thee! I must take thee back with me to Ohio!"

My heart sunk like lead, but I answered, coldly,

"Thee has thee given up enlisting, Job?"

"I have, Rachel. It is not right to darken one young life. I see thee has been and changed me, my little, dimpling, wild-wood flower, but I will [illegible]

"Patience can give the cordiality enough to cover all my deficiencies."

"Can thee name little Patience Stone?" laughed he almost joyfully, "why she's to be married very soon, I hear! Say those words again, Rachel—I don't know why, but there is something in the tone of thy voice that pleases me right well (my mind is weak yet;) almost as if thee would be sorry a very little, if I cared much for Patience!"

I looked down at the carpet and stammered that I had only repeated what all the village said; there was never any accounting for gossip.

"That is most true, Rachel, but will thee account for one story I have heard? Is it more like talk that thy engagement with Job Dean is broken?"

"Yes, no," faltered I.

"Does thee mean it is all over," cried he, eagerly, "verily ended?"

"Verily."

"Oh, Rachel, then I can speak without treason; then I find thee free to listen, though too late, I fear. Many a time before I have opened my lips to tell my love for thee, but have checked myself and waited, hoping thee might find out thy own state of feeling before I spoke. I was so vain at times, I confess, Rachel, as to fancy thee had a latent spark of liking for me, if thee did but know it! but I was punished for such folly when Job Dean came. I'm not going to tell thee what I suffered. There, there, don't cry, Rachel, I never meant to move thy pity! This little girl that wouldn't hurt a fly! Why, thee wasn't to blame, dear, how could thee help being—"

Friends, I will not try to report any more of this conversation between Charles and me, though I remember it all with unspeakable pleasure. There are other things besides Quaker sermons that are "best said unsaid."

It was strange how father so readily gave his consent to my union with one of the world's people. That was why he was suspected of being a Hickaite; but I know very well how unyielding he would have proved if it had been any person in the world but Charles.

Since our marriage, Aunt Filura has fallen into the habit of congratulating me heartily every day of my life, but it hasn't tired me yet.

I am sorry to say that Patience, poor child, is married to Job Dean.

Meaning of Names.—The ancient mythologists indicated their love of nature by their transformations and appellations. Thus many of the names of the women and men were derived from various plants and flowers. Thus, Barbara is derived from barberis, the barberry tree; Rosa, from the rose; Laura, from the laurel; Lucy, from lucus, a grove; Rosamond, from rosa mundi, the flower of the world; Agnes, from agnus, a lamb; Melissa, from a Greek word signifying a bee; Doreas, a rose; Phillis, a leaf; Rachel, a sheep; Jacintha, a hyacinth; Galatea is milk; Cynthia, the moon; Jesse, an engraft of a tree; Aurelia means a cotton-wood; Margaret, a pearl and a daisy; Cecil, a hart-wort; and Chloe, a green herb.

The Moslem Solomon.—*A Curious Problem.*—Three brothers were heirs to their father's oxen, seventeen in number. By the Mohammedan law of inheritance the eldest brother was entitled to one-half, the second to one-third, and the youngest to one-ninth of the whole number. As the animals could not be divided without destroying them, the subject was referred to the decision of the Commander of the Faithful, Ali. The caliph added an ox to the number and then made the division. This gave each brother more than his share—the eldest nine, the next six, and the youngest two—and yet left to the Prince the ox he had added.

☞ A clown employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with vexation, exclaimed, "Darn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee!"

☞ There is a bachelor who says that *all* he should ask in a wife would be—a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connexion, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners—*money!* The unreasonable rascal! Isn't there anything more he can think of?

☞ It is not only physically that tobacco affects a man, but also morally; it destroys thought and paralyzes action. Germany smokes and dreams; Spain smokes and sleeps; Turkey has been smoking for the last three hundred years, and has no longer the strength to stand upright; it remains the whole day lying on a divan. Now, Toussenel says somewhere, "A vertical people will always conquer a horizontal people." Youths, take care of yourselves.

☞ The early closing movement—"What part of my business do you like best?" said a storekeeper to one of the shop boys the other day. "Shutting up, sir," was the prompt reply.

A NEAR-SIGHTED OLD MAID.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I am near-sighted, and an old maid.

Almost any one would be willing to admit that one of these misfortunes, alone, was sufficient for any individual; but both vials of wrath were unstopped above my defenceless head.

I am near-sighted, and husbandless; and am—well, no matter how old. No woman gets so old as to lose all hope, they say, and I am inclined to believe it is true.

I have not been near-sighted always. In childhood, I am sure, I could see as far as any one who could see no farther. At the age of twelve years, I was prostrated with the measles, and they left me short-sighted.

You fortunate people who have good eyes, and can see to read signs across the street, and can recognize your friend without the necessity of crossing over to be sure it is the right one, know nothing of the perils and trials of a near-sighted person. Nothing at all! and no pen could picture them to you—were it ever so graphic.

All through my girlhood, I was engaged in picking up pins and needles, which proved to be straws; bowing to people I had never seen before, upsetting invisible cans and baskets, and harrying by my best friends, never dreaming of their propinquity.

I shook hands with the Governor of the state once, under the impression that it was my Uncle Jefferson; and astonishing him beyond measure by inquiring how Aunt Polly's rheumatism was, and if she had good luck with her last boiling of soft soap.

I have searched half the day for some particular store, or shop, which I had passed twenty times without being able to read the sign.

Nature had endowed me with a good voice, and I was needed to sing in our choir—but goodness! I was so near-sighted that I could not see to read the music unless I held the book close to my eyes, and then the whole congregation would ignore the singing, and whisper loud enough for every one to hear—one to another—"How near-sighted Agnes Graymond is!"

I could not bear the notoriety, so I left the choir.

If I made an appointment anywhere, I was invariably an hour too late, or as much too early, because, if it had been to have saved the city, I could not have told the time by the town clock.

I never dared to go out nights—not on account of ghosts, for I might have gone directly through a ghost without ever seeing it—because I was liable to dash my brains out against any lamp-post that happened to stand in the way.

My friends deserted me. I used to pass them blindly by, and once I ran away from my own father, thinking him a pick-pocket.

I stumbled over poor old Mr. Blake, my mother's most revered minister, as I was coming down the stairs—never seeing him until I heard the noise of his fall.

Once, I went into a strange church, and there being no sexton, I very gravely took my seat with the deacons, greatly to the scandal of the congregation. I was not to blame. The church was dark, and I certainly took the white head of the tallest deacon for a woman's white bonnet and veil.

As last I fell in love. Perhaps you wonder how I ever came near enough to any man to fall in love with him; this Thornwell Creighton was my music teacher, and I had to sit near him in order to see the notes, you know.

Mr. Creighton was a lawyer in good practice; a man of wealth and influence. At the urgent solicitation of my father, he consented to give me instruction—and—the result was just what might have been anticipated.

At the end of three weeks we were betrothed.

Mr. Creighton was handsome, and intelligent, and kind-hearted, but he had one terrible fault. He was jealous!

I used to drive him nearly frantic by my attentions to other men, as he called my lolling my head this way and that, to find who I should speak to, and who I should ignore.

When we had been two months betrothed Mr. Creighton was called to New York on business. We had a very affecting parting; and after he was gone, time never dragged so slowly. He went away on Thursday, and would return the ensuing Wednesday.

Wednesday arrived at last. The train from New York was due at ten, A. M., and by the time the clock struck the hour, I was in the front room waiting for him. I had dressed myself with great care in his favorite colors—and was confident of making a good impression.

He came even before I expected him. I saw him coming up the street at a rapid pace—I opened the door and stood on the threshold ready to greet him. He ran up the steps—I rushed forward and threw myself into his arms, crying out:

"Oh! I am so rejoiced to see you!" and then I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him! Kissed him more than once, I am afraid.

He did not speak, but hugged me with considerable *empressment*. Just then there was a wild shriek from some one at the gate, and a woman rushed up the steps, and commenced beating me over the head with a market basket. The basket contained a turkey, some potatoes, lettuces, and peaches—all the better for their weakness.

"I'll learn you to take away my husband," shrieked the woman—clapping me in the face with the unfortunate turkey—"hain't you satisfied with one sweetheart, that you must be a seducing of my husband?"

I looked up into the face of the gentleman I had been greeting, and goodness me! it was the face of an entire stranger! And, at the same moment, I met the eyes of Mr. Creighton looking over the stranger's shoulder. He was black as a thunder-cloud!

"Agnes," he said, "I have seen all. Wretched girl! allow me to bid you farewell."

"Thornwell!" I cried, "oh, Thornwell! it was all a mistake! I did not know this man! I am innocent—I—"

"Agnes, I saw for myself," he said, coldly. "Good-by."

He turned and left me. I apologized as well as I was able to the strange gentleman, who proved to be the "oil man;" apologized to his wife; went up to my chamber and had a good cry. I have never met Mr. Creighton since—save in company. He is married to an amiable woman, who is not near-sighted.

Since then I have had offers but have thought best to decline. I was afraid of another mistake with some other woman's husband.

So I can end as I began—I am a near-sighted old maid.

Outrages on Southern "Quakers."

The leading particulars of one of the most remarkable events in this war have just been communicated to me. You know that many of the Society of Friends have long resided in North Carolina, and that a fundamental article of their faith is a refusal to take up arms under any circumstances whatever. In the early stages of the rebellion the rebel powers of North Carolina, well knowing their peaceful principles, permitted them to pass unmolested, though known to be unconditional Union men. But as time went on disaster to the rebellion succeeded to disaster, men were captured, killed, or disabled to so fearful an extent that every one out of the army must be brought into it.

Early this year the conscription fell upon the Friends. In one neighborhood some twelve of them were drafted. In accordance with their well-known principles, they refused to join the army. But every where the reign of terror prevailed, and they were forced into the ranks. Here muskets were given to them, but every man of them refused even to touch the weapons. Every conceivable insult and outrage was heaped upon them; they were tied up, starved, and whipped. Still they remained firm to their conscientious convictions, and refused to fight. Finally, the muskets were actually strapped to their bodies.

One of these Friends was singled out as especially obnoxious, and was whipped unmercifully. The officer in charge was lawless and brutal, and on one occasion ordered him to be shot, as an example to others. He called out a file of men to shoot him. While his executioners were drawn up before him, standing within twelve feet of their victim, the latter, raising his eyes to Heaven, and elevating his hands, cried out in a loud voice: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Instantly came the order to fire. But, instead of obeying it, the men dropped their muskets and refused, declaring that they could not kill such a man.

This refusal so enraged the officer that he knocked his victim down in the road, and then strove repeatedly to trample him to death under his horse's feet. But the animal persistently refused to even step over his prostrate body. In the end they were marched with the rebel army to Gettysburg. In that battle, they remained entirely passive, fired no shot, and in God alone trusted for preservation. Very early in the action, the officer referred to was killed. The Friends, all unhurt, were taken prisoners and sent to Fort Delaware. Here, by accident it became known in this city that several Friends were among the captured, and two members of the Society went down to inquire into the circumstances, but they were refused permission to see them. They went immediately to Washington, and there obtained an order for their discharge, conditioned on their taking an affirmation of their allegiance. This opened the prison door. The affirmation made, these martyrs for conscience sake were released, and are now here. It is probable that a more minute and accurate narrative of this case will be prepared by some of the Society.—*Phila. cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

AN AFFECTING POEM.

"Poor Jonathan Snow
Away did go
All on the ragen mane,
With other males
All for to ketch wales
& nere cum back agen.

The winds bloo hi,
The billers tost,
All hands wore lost,
And he was one,
A spritely lad,
Nigh 21."

☞ An incurable old bachelor, one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as "a female despotism tempered by puddings."

☞ "We all of us should be ready to make sacraments," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, as she heard that a neighbor's son had been drafted; "if I had a hundred sons I should be willing that every one of 'em should be exempt." What a patriotic glow her cheek assumed! How her eyes flashed through her glasses! What a meaning there was in her tone! But Ike, who knew the dictionary signification of the word "exempt," laughed.

☞ We love women as women love babies—all the better for their weakness.

☞ There should be no encouragement given, in or out of the army, to the idea that the fact of being conscripted attaches a stigma to the conscript. The soldiers of Napoleon were conscripts, and they bore the French eagles from Cadiz to Moscow, and from the Baltic to the Pyramids.

☞ A Smart Babe.—The Kinderkook Rough Notes tells of a Dutch baby in the village killing a rat which had boldly attempted to rob it of its bread and butter. The baby had a piece of bread in one hand and a hammer in the other, and when the rat seized the bread, the baby hit it on the head with the hammer, killing it instantly.

☞ As represented in the rebel Congress at Richmond in 1861, the territorial area of the so-called Confederate states comprised 668,906 square miles. The amount of area actually remaining under their control is 287,000 square miles, or about one fourth of the original territory of the would-be Confederate states. "Jeff's" kingdom's tumbling down.

☞ Fashionable Inconsistency.—During our springs the *elite* long for the summer, because in the summer they can go back to the springs.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2 00
4 copies, one year,	6 00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12 00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30 00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected now at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30) and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SWINDLING BY MAIL.

We have heretofore taken occasion to warn our readers against the operations of various rascals, who have made use of the mails as a medium of swindling in different ways; but there is one form of fraud practised by this means which we believe we have not yet exposed—we allude to the *bogus lottery* swindle. The mode of operation is as follows:

Some needy and unprincipled scamp (calling himself William P. Hunter, for instance—though the name is always fictitious, and of no importance,) sends through the mail a large number of sealed circulars, addressed to postmasters of small offices, and others, throughout the country, each enclosing a ticket (all bearing the same number—3476, for instance) for a share in a "grand distribution of prizes by the National Art Union Association, to be drawn (at Cherubusco, N. Y., for instance) on Wednesday, July 8th, 1863." These tickets are sent out about June 1st, and the accompanying circular reads somewhat as follows:

"SIR—I take the liberty of sending you a ticket for the grand distribution, etc. There are 2,000 prizes, amounting to $30,000. Should you wish to try your luck, you can forward me the price of the ticket, which is $5, and you will receive the certificate of the manager, Wright, Gordon & Co., without which no ticket is good. All remittances mailed *on or before* the day of drawing will be good, and the prizes paid if drawn, etc. Yours, W. P. HUNTER."

Of course, very few persons are foolish enough to bite at this bait—nor is it intended that they should; the sending of the tickets and circulars is only the preliminary step in the swindle. On the day of the drawing another circular is issued by Mr. H. containing an official account of the drawing, by which it appears that No. 1476 (or whatever the number on the tickets previously sent may be) has drawn a prize of $500. This is sent to each of the recipients of the first circular, accompanied by a *written* letter from the benevolent Hunter, after this fashion:

SIR—You will perceive that your ticket has drawn a prize of $200, but as you have not paid for it, you cannot obtain it except in this way: Write me a letter enclosing $5, and *date* it on the day of the drawing. I will take it to the managers, and tell them it was detained in the mails, and they will pay the prize, which I will forward to you, less 15 per-cent. My reasons for wishing you to obtain the prize is, that if you let it be known among your neighbors (which I expect you to do) that you have won $200, I can sell a great many tickets among them for the next drawing," etc.

Hundreds of gudgeons rush into this trap; eager to clutch the "$185 nett" which is thus temptingly held out to them. Mr. "Hunter" pockets their greenbacks, and then modestly retires to enjoy the fruit of his labors, while the lucky holders of "No. 1476" await the arrival of their prizes, until the fear that there is "some mistake" ripens into the certainty that they have been "sold." It is scarcely necessary to add that there is no lottery, no prizes, no money, no managers, "no nothing" genuine in the matter, except genuine rascality.—*N. Y. Mail.*

POLISH JUSTICE.

The *Gazette de Bromberg* says that the Russian authorities recently promised a reward of 3,000 silver roubles to any one who should within a specified time point out to the police the printing office of the national Polish government. After several days a journeyman printer presented himself to the Chief of Police, and offered to furnish the desired information. They renewed the promise of the reward, and added that they would send him to the interior of Russia, where he would be safe. He then examined the locality of the printing office, which was in the third story of a building having the appearance of a shoemaker's store. Every evening after eleven o'clock the insurgent proclamations were here printed.

The police lost no time, but that very evening they made a descent upon the place, and found everything as described, but the printers had fled. They had not been gone very long, however, for some of their proofs were still wet. They at once instituted a search, and in one corner of the room found a pile of old shoes, surmounted by a large boot. On opening the box they found the dead body of the false printer, having pinned to his breast the judgment of the national government, condemning him to death for treason.

NOVEL EFFECT OF A SECOND MARRIAGE.—One of the substitute soldiers who was presented for examination at Captain Hamlin's office, yesterday, was a man who gave his name, as we will say, Michael Flynn.—When he stripped, upon his arm was clearly tattooed the name of John Sullivan.—"But I thought you said your name was Michael Flynn," said the Doctor. "Yes," stammered the Hibernian sub, "but *I've been married twice.*" If that wouldn't change a man's name it might lead him to attempt to do so. So Michael passed.—*Providence Journal.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.—Leather, to a great degree, is to be superceded. The London Times endorses the claims of an invention owned by a Mr. Szerelmy, of England, which, according to the description of the article, possesses every quality of the real leather, and is vastly superior to it on many accounts. It will not crack, is tougher, will wear longer, and will resist water as effectually as rubber. The leather cloth can be of any color, and a pair of boot-tops which cost of calf-skin $1,50, will cost of this material only 25 cents.

☞ A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be *grass*-Diggers.

Prosecution of an Old Maid for Keeping Cats.

A few days ago, Miss Isabella Kidd, a maiden lady, at least sixty-seven of age, residing in Mill street, Paris, was charged at the Police Court there with causing a nuisance, by keeping a number of cats in her house. On being asked to plead to the charge, she said she did keep cats, for they were no nuisance, and it saved the rest of the neighbors from keeping any, as they killed all the mice. On a number of the neighbors as well as the police, being examined, it appeared that she was in the habit of keeping a very large number of cats. One of the witnesses spoke to having counted eight, another counted seven, and a third counted no fewer than eleven on the fleece of the house at one time. All of them agreed in saying that when persecuted by the police they ran into her premises, but unfortunately only temporary relief, without thinking that the pain they are about to encounter is of a more excruciating character. However, the police determined to try the summary process of the law, and it is to be hoped that these attempted prosecutions will have the effect of reducing the number of cats from one to six bottles will be sufficient.—*Gold by Druggists.*"

We clip the following from the Providence General Advertiser, Sept. 13, 1862:

At this season of the year, when cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. Persons leaving home, or about to be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands upon it at a moment's warning. Many persons incident to the summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On many days, during August, we have been relieved of laziness suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation.

Sold by all druggists, grocers and medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Breadstuffs generally is firmer; sales reach about 10,000 bbls, in lots, at $6,87½@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@8,87½ for extras, and $9@9,50 for Western and Penna extra family. Rye Flour is selling at $4,75@5 ₱ bbl, the latter for good brands. Corn Meal—The last sale of Penna were at $4, and Brandywine at $4,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes forward slowly, and most of the new Wheat offering is of poor quality and damp, and unsalable at very low prices, while prime old is wanted at an advance. The former ranges at $1,15@1,35 for inferior to choice red, and the latter at $1,35@1,40 for fair to prime Penna do, in store, and white at $1,35 to 1,50, with sales in lots of from 30,000 to 40,000 bus to these figures. Rye is scarce, and selling in a small way at $1@1,05, the latter for old Penna. Corn is firmer, and all offered, about 12,000 bus, found buyers at 73c for prime yellow, 70@72c for heated do, and 74@78c for Western mixed. Oats are unsettled, with sales of about 33,000 bus at 70@73c for old Penna, and 66@69c for new Southern and Penna do, weight, including some heated lots at 50@55c; 2500 bus Malt at $1,60@1,65.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer; there is very little demand for bbld Meats, and prices are nominally $14@14,50 for Mess Pork and $13 @15 for Western and city Mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are confined to Hams, at 11@ 13c for common to prime, the latter for fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 9¼@9c ₱ lb. Of Green Meats the sales are also limited and the stocks light at 10¼@10¾c for pickled Hams, 8¾@9c for salt do, and 8¼c for Shoulders. No demand for Sides. Lard is quiet. Holders ask 10¼@ 10¾c for tierce and 11¼@11¾c for city bbls. Small sales of 500 pkgs at 10¼c for prime tierce, and 8¼c for Grease. Butter continues dull at 13@ 17c for Penna and Ohio, and 20@26c for prime New York. Cheese is scarce, and quoted at 10¼@13½c, the latter for choice dairies. Eggs are unsettled, and selling at about 11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is firmer and rather more active, and holders are asking an advance of 4@5c ₱ lb, with sales of 280 bales, in small lots, mostly at 65@69c cash for Middlings and good Middlings.

ASHES—The demand is limited, and the market without any alteration.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron meets with a steady demand. Sales of 70 t hds are reported at $30 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is steady at about $14 for Chestnut, and $18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little inquiry, and we quote yellow at 48@44c ₱ lb.

COAL—An advance of 20c in the rate of toll has caused a little more firmness in price, but orders come in slowly, and business is inactive for the season.

COFFEE—The market is better and on the advance. The sales comprise 500 bags in small lots, chiefly Rio, within the range of 26½@29c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER continues dull, and prices nominally unchanged. Of Yellow Metal the sales are limited at 28c ₱ lb for Sheets, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce, but the demand is limited at 47@50c for Western.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to green fruit, Peaches and Apples, which are bringing fair prices.

HAY moves off as wanted at 90c@$1 the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market is quiet and prices nominally unchanged.

HOPS are dull, and the sales limited at 18@ 21c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—Most of the makers of Pig Iron are sold up, and holders are firm in their views, with some little selling at $30@35 for Anthracite, which are the asking rates for the three numbers, the latter for good No 1, 4 mos. Scotch Pig is held at $33 ₱ ton.

LEAD—There is little or none here, and we hear of no sales.

LUMBER—The receipts and sales are moderate, and the market steady at $21½@22 for White Pine, and $30@32 for Yellow Sap Boards. Of Raft Hemlock Scantling sales are reported at $10, and Boards at $13; White Pine Shingles range at $18@21 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market continues dull, and nothing doing to alter quotations.

PLASTER is steady at $4 ₱ ton for soft, and not much arriving.

RICE remains inactive, and the demand limited at 7¼@8c ₱ lb for East India.

SEEDS—There is no new Clover or Timothy Seed offering, and in the absence of sales we quote the former at $5¼@6, and the latter at $4¼@5¾ ₱ bus, and very quiet. New Flaxseed is beginning to arrive, and is selling in a small way at $2½@2¾ ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are quiet and prices are unsettled. N. E. Rum is also quiet, and quoted at 65@66c; Whiskey is firm and selling more freely at 47c for barrels, 46c for hhds, and 45c for drudge.

SUGAR—The market is steady, with further sales of 1500 hhds, mostly Cubs, at 10@11¼c.

TALLOW is firmer. About 125,000 lbs rendered sold at 10¢@10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market for Leaf and Manufactured continues almost at a stand still, and prices of both are nominally unchanged.

WOOL—The new clip comes in slowly, and sales limited to a few small lots, taken on arrival, at 70@75c for common and fine fleece, and 75@78c for tub, nett cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1445 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11 cts ₱ lb. 90 Cows brought from $18 to 35 ₱ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 4¾ to 5¾c ₱ lb gross.

☞ When you want to expound the laws to make, employ plenty of X pounders.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS THE PILLS THAT CURE.

There are thousands of persons who have for years been dosing with some favorite pills, and imagine that they cannot live without them. When we hear that a man has been taking each and such "pills for years," it is fair to presume he is in search of a remedy. Yet there are many who have been afflicted with Chronic Diseases, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, &c., for years, and from such have used some favorite pill that affords some temporary relief, without thinking that the pain they are about to encounter is original constitutional. Now we assert that if these attempted prosperity will be found to be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands upon it at a moment's warning. Many persons incident to the summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On many days, during August, we have been relieved of laziness suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation.

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Also to be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 513 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 6th Ave. & 13th St., N. Y.
A. ROMALDI & CO., 24 Park Row, New York.
HENRY MINER, Box 73 P. O., New York.
JOHN B. HUNT, Monroe Hall, Pittsburgh.
GEO. CALDWELL, 69 West South St., Cincinnati.
JOHN P. NEWHALL & SON, Louisville, Ky.
JOHN RAWLES, Chester, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States are to be supplied.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Dr. H. Anstadt, Mr. WILLIAM H. WOLF, to Miss MARGARET KIPP, all of this city.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbin, Mr. ERNEST V. YOUNG, to Miss MARIA M. YARNS, both of this city.

On the 30 instant, by the Rev. H. S. Baldwin, Mr. CHRISTOPHER DEHNING, to Miss SARAH J. OLDENBURG, all of this city.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. LEWIS R. RAU, to Sergt. Major Miss Lizzie R. Rau, to Sergt. Major Jos. Hamilton Hamilton Lamas, daughter of Sr. Jos. S. Lamas, both of this city.

On the 29th of July, by the Rev. J. Stanley, Chaplain U. S. A., Mr. JOHN S. DUNN, to Miss AMELIA P. STARR, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JAMES TROUBRIDGE, aged 49 years.

On the 4th instant, ALICE, wife of John Yeager, aged 36 years.

On the 5th instant, ISABELLA GLEDHILL, wife of Francis B. Gledhill.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JACOB HILTNER, in his 69d year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM CARTER, aged 37 years.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM H. GILLIARD, aged 58 years.

On the 2d instant, ALBERT G. FITHIAN, son of Geo. R. Fithian, in his 21st year.

On the 1st instant, AARON KEYSER, in his 56th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. CATHARINE FLYNN, aged 71 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Fry, in her 43d year.

On the 31st of July, Miss ANNIE MARTIN, aged 15 years.

On the 31st of July, Mr. REUBEN MYERS, aged 26 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 8, 1863.

Alabama	10 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada	44 prem.	Missouri,	40 dis.
Connecticut,	— dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	par.
District of Columbia,	par.	New Jersey,	par.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	par.
Georgia,	— dis.	New York State,	par.
Illinois,	par.	North Carolina,	20 dis.
Indiana,	$10 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	par.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	par.
Louisiana,	1 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	par.	Vermont,	par.
Michigan,	11 dis.	Virginia,	5 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	par.

THE PALMER ARM & LEG PATENT 1861

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Wit and Humor.

EVEN HANDED JUSTICE.

A pleasant country village in Ohio some years since presented that which is often denied to places of more consequence—a court which really dispensed justice. Its chief was a Justice of the Peace, whose good common sense and honesty of purpose counterbalanced his want of legal lore; and its arrangements of its disciplinary tribunals, the "Dutch court," as it was popularly called, became a great terror to evil-doers.

Once upon a time a case was brought before his honor, arising out of an infraction of the "liquor law" of the state, which then provided for the punishment by fine of any individuals who sold intoxicating beverages to persons under thirteen years of age, or by a fine proportioned to a quart. Upon one of these occasions, when a "general muster" of the militia, gave delight to numerous officers in gay uniforms, and to large masses of the good people of the country, an unlucky wight sought to avail himself of the "glorious" opportunity to turn an honest penny. Providing himself with a small lot of gingercakes and a disproportionately large stock of "lightning whiskey," he located upon an eligible site near the field. Knowing the penalty of the law against his little enterprise, the vender of "the ardent" hit upon the happy expedient, to evade its provisions, of selling to his customers a ginger-cake, and then throwing a drink into the bargain.

Justice was not so blind as to fail to notice "this artful dodge," and the next morning found the delinquent citizen in the very jaws of the "Dutch Court." The testimony was short and conclusive, to the effect that he had sold a boy a cake, and then had given him a "horn;" and the defendant's lawyer put in the defence that his client sold, on the occasion under consideration, not liquor but ginger-cakes, well knowing at the time, that salt wouldn't save him. As he anticipated, the court pronounced a verdict of guilty, but, to the surprise of the defendant, put the fine at fifteen dollars, instead of the legal penalty of five.

"May it please the court," interposed defendant's counsel, "is there not some mistake in this sentence? The statutes provide for a fine of but five dollars for each offence. There is but one offence proven, and we are ready to pay that fine, but we hold it so contrary to the plain reading of the law, to make the penalty fifteen dollars."

"There is no mistake at all," replied the court. "The law says five dollars for each offence. Now I fines this man five dollars, in the first place, for selling less than a quart of vinkhey; I fines him, in the second place, five dollars for selling vinkhey to a boy; and I fines him, in the third place, five dollars for trying to screen himself behind a ginger-cake!"

The fine was paid, and no appeal taken.

ONE MORE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a village called "the Centre." Here not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a "dance," "and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux." One interesting young man having "imbibed" rather too freely, became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to "retire" for a short rest. A door ajar near the dancing hall revealed, lustingly a glimpse of a comfortable bed, 'of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed "snooze." It so happened, however, that this was the ladies' withdrawing room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their sex,) which ran on this wise: "What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?" "Le, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night." "Have you heard anybody say anything about me?" "About you? why certing; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest-framed girl in the room." Whereupon the dear things chuckled, "fixed up" a little more, and made off towards the hall-room." They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired: "Ha you heard any berry say anything about me, girls?" "Fanny their phelisher" at that juncture! They fled with an explosive scream.

PADDY'S PIG.

A merchant prince living in Sidney made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as is known, he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion. The circumstances are worth relating:

One morning a poor Irishman stopped into his counting-house, and, looking the very picture of misery, said—

"Oh, may it please your honor, I've lost a pig—the only pig I ever had—and quite a—the—the property has given me a—a—a—"

"Pound, and cost me is your further," said the merchant, impatiently. "Here, take this and begone! You have enough gold to buy a dozen pigs, and will be sure to give me a ticket."

At first the old hard-fist refused; upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of the pig, gave him the pound to get quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the fattest porker was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, pulled his hat to him.

"Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man, gruffly.

"Bought a pig, yer honor, a darling little thing, with a sweet twist in his tail like a lady's coat."

"Well, it is to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?"

"Die of? Did ye say die of now? Why, get out wid ye, he was so fat I killed him!"

A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O thicker, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our foot-prints track a common way.

One lit our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heardst with me the far-off voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and present,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on thy dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mold and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With beaded heads of mourning, stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
The noonday calm of heart and mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me,—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,
But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,
The birds forgot their merry trills,
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
And green the meadow lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven, in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy lift companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

Oh, friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art,
That all is well with thee forever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition,
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home!

"MY BURDEN IS LIGHT."—A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long and a short one. "See, my child," he said, "The long piece is the will of God, the short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God; and you have no cross; lay it athwart, and you make a cross directly."

The child of God, by his unbelief and unsubmissive spirit, too often raises and rivets his own cross, to the pain and torture of which the unquestioning heart is altogether a stranger.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

ENTHUSIASTIC WATERMAN.—"My eye, Sam, ain't she a beauty?"

SAM.—"Um; werry well as women goes. 'Seem my wife, you've seen a finer woman."

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

Mr. James Glashier, the scientific aeronaut, took his first spring voyage in the upper air on the last of March, setting out from the Sydenham Crystal Palace, near London. He has communicated to the English newspapers some account of the journey. He ascended to a height of four and a half miles, where he found the temperature just at zero of Fahrenheit's scale. In rising, the balloon made the first mile in nine minutes, the second in ten, the third in nine.

As ballooning may presently become a fashionable way of getting a little fresh air, a few notes of Mr. Glashier's experience will not be unwelcome to the enterprising reader. It is interesting to know, for instance, that "at heights greater than three miles, the sun's image was seen reflected in water." At four miles, the pulse beats ninety-eight in a minute against seventy-six beats on the ground. The higher you get, the bluer is the sky; at the greatest height it has to the observer the hue of dark Prussian blue. As you near the four-mile mark, the heart beats quickly and loudly, and we warn lady balloonists to provide themselves with pearl-powder and other "aids to the complexion," for at heights exceeding three miles the face gets blue. At four miles, surface-ice formed instantly, and Mr. Glashier was forced to break it to get water for his thermometer.

PAYING FOR A LOST GAME.—A Detroit paper tells a good story at the expense of a Canadian billiard player who was unlucky enough to be the "champion of the one" in his vicinity. Fully appreciating his own abilities, he went to Detroit to try his hand with Seereiter. On "banking" for the first shot, Seereiter won, took his cue, counted, and continued to count until the game was finished, the astonished Canadian looking on with mingled admiration and wonder. At the conclusion of the game, the foreign gentleman was about leaving the room, crestfallen, and the conceit entirely taken out of him, when the boy who tends the table, politely informed him that he had a small account to settle for the game just played. The fellow was taken somewhat by surprise, but soon collected his senses; and with the remark that he hadn't played any billiards, and consequently wouldn't pay, left the room amid the uproarious laughter of those present.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.—It is the duty of teachers, as well as parents and school committees, to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression upon their minds; for whatever is brought under the frequent observation of the young must have its influence upon their susceptible natures for good or evil. Shabby school-houses indicate slovenly habits. Ill-constructed benches may not only distort the body, but by reflex influence, the mind as well. Conditions like these seldom fail to disgust the learner with his school, and neutralize the best efforts of his teachers. On the other hand, neat, comfortable places for study may help to awaken the association enchaining the mind and the heart to learning and virtuous instruction with links of gold brightening forever.

☞ An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his lordship, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

☞ HAPPINESS BY CONTRAST.—Happiness is only evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil; we have not real and positive good. "Happy he who sees the day!" said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. "Happy he who is healthy!" said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.

☞ Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man and the latter elevating him for a fall.

Agricultural.

HERBS.

It is curious to note the classification of herbs which was made by our ancestors, in the mother country, two or three centuries ago, at a time when the chemical science was hardly known, and physicians themselves were obliged to use these simples as their only remedies. We will, for the amusement of the reader, copy this classification. It will be perceived that the herbs are arranged either in fours or fives. These were:—

Four greater Carminative Hot Seeds; Anise, Caraway, Cummin, Fennel.

Four lesser Hot Seeds: Bishop's Weed, Stone-parsley, Smallage, Wild Carrot.

Four Cold Seeds: Cucumber, Gourd, Melon, Watermelon.

Four lesser Cold Seeds: Endive, Lettuce, Purslane, Succory.

Five Opening Roots: Asparagus, Butcher's Broom, Fennel, Parsley and Smallage.

Five lesser Opening Roots: Caper, Dandelion, Eryngo, Madder, Rest-harrow.

Five Emollient Herbs: Beet, Mallow, Marsh Mallow, French Mercury and Violet.

Five Capillary Herbs: Harts-Tongue, Black, white, and Golden Maiden-hair and Spleenwort.

Four Sudorific Woods; Guiacum, Perfumed Cherry, Sarsaparilla and Sassafras.

Four Cordial Flowers: Borage, Bugloss, Roses and Violets.

Four Carminitive Flowers: Camomile, Dill, Feverfew, and Melilot.

Four resolvent Meals: Barley, Bean, Linseed and Rye.

We must confess that we read these things with some respect, though their peculiarity excites a smile. There was more ingenuity than truth or philosophy, in conforming the numbers of these seeds and herbs invariably to *four* or *five*; since we know that each list may not only be doubled but extended to an indefinite number. Each one of these plants has really the virtues assigned it; and this formality of classification seemed not only to render the table more attractive, but to fix it more indelibly in the mind.

SAVING SEEDS.

As the season will soon arrive for saving seeds, I thought my way might be some benefit to your readers, and I will give it to them. It is what my grandmother taught me, when a little girl, living in Massachusetts, and now that I have settled a few miles from Chicago, and have plenty of garden room, I find it very useful by keeping my seed pure, and having fruit some two or three weeks earlier than others who planted at the same time. The first that comes of each kind I let grow and ripen for seed. I save a part of a row of peas, a few hills of beans, a hill or two of corn, that I never pick any until entirely matured for seed. The first squash of each kind, melons and cucumbers, I set very particular should not be picked. By saving the first they are more likely to be pure; the bees are not so plenty as a short time afterwards. Sometimes it is quite a cross to let them be, being the first of the season, but I find in a long run I am the gainer. I hope the readers will try this; it will save a good deal of trouble in the fall in going over the garden to see if they can pick up anything for seed. How can we expect choice vegetables, unless we take extra pains about saving seed?

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seed careless housekeepers leave the milk standing in the milk pails until the cream began to rise, thus causing a waste of cream.

I have seen those same housekeepers set the newly strained milk here and there, wherever it happened, instead of keeping each milking by itself, thereby making themselves the trouble of looking it all over when the time for skimming it came.

I have seen the ground around the kitchen door strewn with potato peelings which had been thrown out with the water in which the potatoes were washed.

I have seen thoughtless housekeepers set away in a pine cupboard, flat-irons so very warm that there was danger of the house taking fire by the means.

I have seen egg shells thrown into the fire, when the hens would have gladly made merry over them.

I have seen calico needlessly faded by being quickly washed and immediately put in some hard water to rinse.

I have seen sour, heavy bread brought on the table day after day, when the same pains understandingly bestowed upon it, would have made it both healthy and palatable.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CURE FOR THE CURCULIOS.—A gentleman formerly connected with the coal oil business in this city, tells us that several years ago, in taking a lot of sample bottles of oil on a journey for exhibition, he accidentally had a bottle broken, saturating the saw-dust in which the bottles were packed. When he arrived at his stopping place, he put the saw-dust at the foot of a plum-tree, it being about the time of the blossoming of the tree. The result was watched, and it turned out that the curculio which ravaged the other plum trees in the orchard, gave this one a wide berth, and the plums were saved to ripen. This circumstance led to further experiments, with like favorable results. The saw-dust thus saturated—which can be done with the cheapest kind of coal oil—retains the odor for a long time, which is offensive to the taste of the little Turk. The borer also will not put his gimlet into the trunk of a tree which is encircled with this saturated saw-dust.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

FRICASSEE CHICKEN.—Cut the chicken up; let lie in water for an hour; dry them in a towel; then put them in a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, with a little mace, part of an onion cut up fine and a little sweet marjoram. Boil them until tender. Then take a ½ lb. of butter, and rub some flour with it until perfectly smooth, and drop the butter and flour into the chicken water, stirring it all the time until it boils. Then take a yolk of an egg, beat up with a little cream, and pour in when done.

OKRA SOUP.—Take a shin of beef and put it in 1 gallon of water after an early breakfast, and let it boil until 12 o'clock. Then cut up an onion and parsley; ½ peck of okra and 1 quart of tomatoes, and let them boil until the dinner is ready, say 2 o'clock. This will be enough for two days.

BEEF CROQUETTE.—Take cold roast beef or veal, and mince it fine; put an onion in cut up fine, some sweet marjoram and a little powdered cloves, and moisten it with the beef gravy. Make it into balls like you make for sausages; put the yolk of an egg over them, and flour them and fry in good sweet lard. This is a good side dish.

TOMATO CORN CAKES.—A SPANISH RECIPE.—Take a dozen ears of green corn; split the rows of kernels lengthwise with a knife, then shave off and mash with a rolling pin; or grate off the kernels fine; scald a dozen medium-sized tomatoes and remove the skins; beat three eggs well, and mix the whole with a pint of milk, and flour enough to make a batter; add salt, pepper and allspice to the taste; fry on a griddle in the same manner as buckwheat cakes, avoiding excess of grease.

BOTTLING CHERRIES.—An answer to "A Country Cursie's" inquiry, I can assure him, if he tries the following recipe, he cannot fail to have delicious fruit for tarts through the winter:—To every pound of fruit add six ounces of powdered lump sugar. Fill the jars with fruit, shake in the sugar over, and tie each jar down with two bladders, as there is danger of one bursting during the boiling. Place the jars in a boiler of cold water, and after the water has boiled, let them remain three hours; take them out, and when cool, put them in a dry place, where they will keep over a year. We have tried this recipe for several years and never found it fail.—*London Field.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 17, 26, 8, 25, 30, 4, 1, 28, is a celebrated battlefield on the Eastern Continent.
My 29, 20, 15, 23, 7, was Macbeth's brother-in-law and one of his Generals.
My 27, 2, 22, is generally found in front of the fire-place.
My 10, 24, 18, 22, was a city of Judea, five miles South-East of Hebron.
My 17, 4, 22, 27, 21, 1, 22, 12, is one of the Western States.
My 24, 11, 6, 21, 23, 22, 5, is the author of a standard Dictionary of the English language.
My 21, 14, 26, 27, 22, 7, is a lady's name.
My 23, 25, 22, 5, 22, 21, 12, caused considerable trouble lately in the North-West.
My 22, 20, 5, has produced wonderful results in the United States.
My whole is the sentiment of every loyal American. "SILAS."

New Wilmington, Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 17, 14, 6, 17, 8, 16, 18, is an insect.
My 3, 1, 2, 10, 17, 7, is a science.
My 19, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, is to indemnify against damages.
My 18, 13, 14, 15, 10, 12, is a Latin word meaning a tower.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 18, is a game.
My 17, 9, 14, 13, 12, was once King of Persia.
My 20, 3, 19, 20, is one of the United States.
My 4, 5, 8, 21, is an adverb of time.
My whole is an important event in the annals of Pennsylvania. F. M. C.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire I am a character denounced by David and Solomon.
Behead me, and I am an angle.
Curtail two letters, and I am an edible grain.
Again curtail, and I am the Latin name of an important physiological organ.
Behead, and I am a disjunctive conjunction.
Curtail, and I am without beginning or end.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in happy, but not in joy.
My 2nd is in child, but not in boy.
My 3rd is in gun, but not in fire.
My 4th is in hate, but not in ire.
My 5th is in width, but not in length.
My 6th is in health, but not in strength.
My 7th is in glory, but not in glee.
And my whole to the public is open free.

Baltimore. EMILY.

CHARADE.

One of the distant heavenly bodies and a fish make together a bird. What is it?

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two numbers, such that their sum will be a square, the difference of their squares a cube, and the difference of their cubes a square?

JOSEPH S. ROSS, *Jr.*

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the diameter of the inscribed circle of a triangle be the first term of an ascending series in arithmetical progression, the sides of the triangle the other terms, and common difference 2, what is the series?

Ohio. FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What poet do Pennsylvania miners value most? Ans.—*Coleridge.*

☞ Why is the spoke of a wheel like a loving wife? Ans.—Because it is attached to the *hub.*

☞ QUESTION IN GEOMETRY.—Given, a river as a base, what figure does a fisherman's rod and line form in conjunction with it? Ans.—A try-angle, undoubtedly.

☞ Why was last year like the second year before last? Ans.—Because one was 1860 and the other was 1860 *too.*

☞ Why is a percussion cap like death? Ans.—Because it is a *debt o' nature* (detonator.)

☞ Why is Jefferson like ancient Egypt? Ans.—Because it owes its downfall to a Mumbo (Mobo.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"So coin grows smooth in traffic current pass'd, 'Till Cesar's image is effaced at last!"

ENIGMA.—Rembrandt Peale. RIDDLE.—The letter N. RIDDLE.—A thorn or splinter in the flesh. ANAGRAMS.—Gracia, Berthe, Rachel, Matilda, Celia, Madge, Alphene, Chloe, Stella, Xelina, Myra, Dorothea, Lois, Lavinia, Evaline, Elizabeth.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM, published June 27th.—62370.667 feet.

Answer to Henry Eastward's, published July 4th.—65.03.

Answer, in part, to D. Diefenbach's, published July 4th.—The sub will hold 94 spheres under the lid; it is difficult to determine the rest of it. C. HAGERTY.